

# The TATLER

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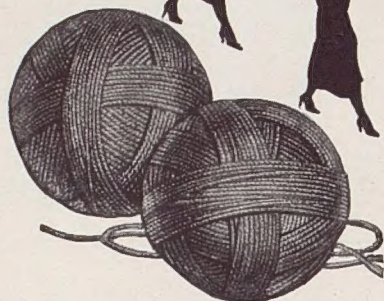
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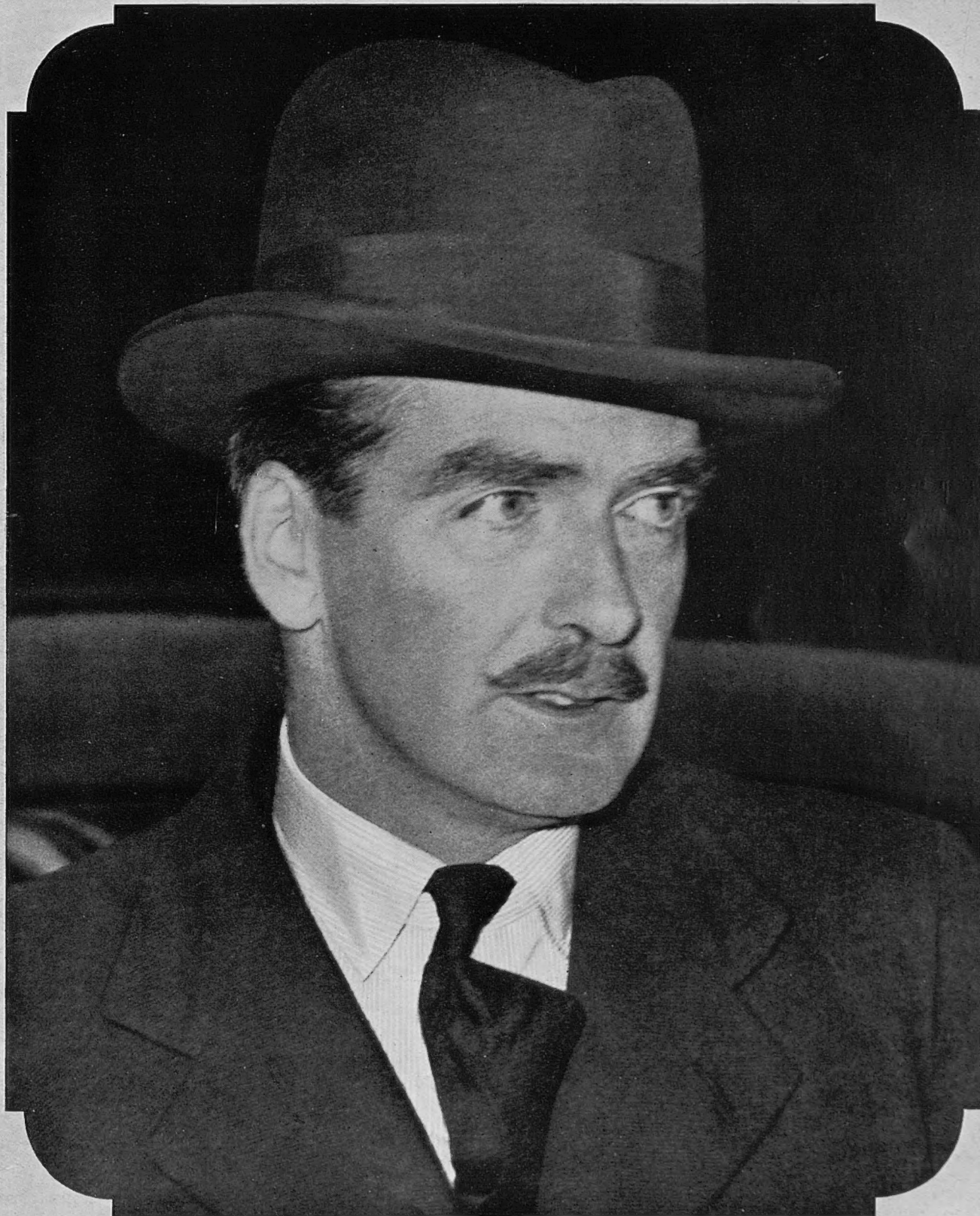
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# The TATTLER

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THE RT. HON. ANTHONY EDEN

The above picture of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was taken immediately after his arrival at Croydon Aerodrome from Geneva, where his recent pronouncement upon His Majesty's Government's policy in the present tangled European situation won him further and well-deserved laurels. Mr. Eden has probably done a great bit of work in getting people who are not very easy to handle facing in the same direction. The Mediterranean situation is in itself troublous enough, but Mr. Eden also tackled the problems of the civil war in Spain, disarmament, raw materials and the matter of the German Colonies



LORD AND LADY MINTO'S HOUSE PARTY

Clapperton

A recent and mainly family party at Minto House, Hawick, and the names, reading from left to right, disclose how "family" it was: Lady Willa Elliot, Lord and Lady Minto's younger daughter, Lord Errington, her cousin, Lord Cromer's son and heir, Lady Bridget Elliot, Lord Cromer, who is not retiring from being Lord Chamberlain and who is Lord Minto's brother-in-law; Lady Haddington, Lady Minto's sister, Lord Minto, Lord Melgund, his son and heir (in front); Lady Cromer, Lord Minto's sister, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, Lord Minto's younger son; Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, Lord and Lady Haddington's daughter, and Lady Minto

"A rowan tree and a red thread  
Gars a' the witches dance  
to dead."

THIS being the case Gleneagles Hotel need never dread an invasion of sorceresses on broomsticks (coachwork by a West End firm) since the drive, the very artificial lake and the approach to both first tees are guarded by rowans, now red with berries, which encourage skaters to oil their blades and skiers to discuss the substance never far from their dreams—snow. Three celebrated ski men were on the course—"G." Tapp, of Mürren, and the S.E. in a malachite shirt; "Freddy" Cameron, who contemplates trying the runs at Sun Valley, Idaho (America's answer to the Engadine), and "Patsy" Richardson, on whose jersey were embroidered the figures "1931, 1932," which, to the initiated, signify he ran for Great Britain two years running on two boards. "Patsy" has been enjoying a week with his sailor brother on aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Furious*, where he learnt to run up gangways. The Navy never climbs rungs in a leisurely, landlubberly way; its tradi-



AT ST. ANDREWS: PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA WITH LORD KINNAIRD AND THE MASTER OF KINNAIRD

Cowie

As most people are aware, the Princess Helena Victoria is one of the keenest of a Royal family most of whom play the game of golf more than well. The above picture was taken last week at the Mecca of golfers, St. Andrews, where H.R.H. played a round with Lord Kinnaird and his son, the Master of Kinnaird, who used to be in the 4th-5th Battalion the Black Watch

## And the World said—



Antony Roger

LADY ACTON

A recent portrait of Lord Rayleigh's daughter by his first marriage, who was formerly the Hon. Daphne Strutt. She married Lord Acton, a grandson of the famous historian, in 1931. Lord Acton is also Duke of Dalberg and is reported to claim direct descent from Claudius Marcellus, the illustrious consul

tion being that as someone else may want to use the gangway (ladder) these must be taken at the double. "Patsy" found the pace requires practice when proceeding backwards. He also found that though breakfast at sea is eaten in silence, lunch can be a chatty interval; while at tea it is not done to lift the nose from a novel, *bon-homie* being reserved for dinner, when even a visitor may address remarks to the senior commander—in fact, at dinner the Senior Service becomes the reverse of taciturn.

\* \* \*

The First Lord of the Admiralty raced at Ayr and the Chancellor of the Exchequer "gowfed" at Gleneagles Hotel against Lord Horne, whose white linen cap came back with the Brigands from Le Touquet. I suspect "Bertie" of having picked it up in the Hermitage in a hurry. He was in his usual burbling form, but Sir John Simon was suffering from "the Leonard Crawley grip," which gives him almost as much pain as the



adjective "lucid" tagged to his speeches. Others encountered between the *Restaurant du Soleil* (temperature 92 deg.) and the car park were "Gerry" Portman, Basil Fergusson, off to shoot with Basil Hill-Wood, Lady Cory and daughter, Lady MacAlpine and daughter (watch the MacAlpine entries at Perth to-day and to-morrow; they are confident), the young Crawleys, "Ronnie" Senior resting while his wife moved house, Constance, Duchess of Westminster following Captain Lewis' shots, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, Jack Lysaght and a bevy of white-socked girls making for the tennis tournament, the Edwards Wills, over from Meggernie with Hugh Leveson-Gowers, "Charlie" Sweenys and that popular lad in the Scots Guards, Roger Harvey, the "Laddie" Sanfords, rushing south with the George Phillipis and, reminding us of Monaco plus Calvados, Mr. Kingsley Macomber with Marchese Strozzi. It is still the fashion to sit in deck chairs flanking the porch, breathing petrol and goggling arrivals. Visitors still long for a tea and cocktail verandah. There are still half a dozen schoolgirls in kilts on the croquet lawn, their red heads gleaming in the morning sun (does the wily L.M.S. hire them as local colour?), and the vocal old gentleman, who contemplates a visit to the hydropathic at Peebles, is still asking others whether they think he will like it. I am reminded of the herd in "St. Ives" who lived at Leadburn, ten miles from Peebles, but had never visited the celebrated county town because, as he said to the hero, "A'm no sure to like it when A get there." Which is why many of us prefer "furrin" parts on the film in case the Rockies are not so rocky nor the Sahara so parched after all the anxiety of getting there. But super-women, like sparkling Rosita, Clare Sheridan, now in the "Painted Desert," and "Kini" Maillart, who is again somewhere in Asia, triumph over discomfort. Once, lunching with these three, I listened to "When I was in Timbuctoo" and "When I was in Teheran" till the resortist, becoming



A "RETURN" PARTY TO  
GLADYS COOPER

A part of the party at the Savoy last week, given to welcome Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale, her husband, after her absence of three years from our stage. With them is Basil Dean, who is producing the new play by James Parish, at present without a title, and in which Gladys Cooper says that it will be a treat to play a thoroughly nice woman for a change



LORD POULETT AND  
MISS RUTH CHATTERTON

A supper-time snapshot at the Embassy which, like so many other smart places of the same kind, is re-opening for the winter campaign. Miss Ruth Chatterton is the well-known film actress and Lord Poulett's mother was the daughter of the famous stage personality, Fred Storey

desperate, threw among the geographical reminiscences "When I was in Trouville." That tore it.

\* \* \*

Listen to the last gondola of summer, gliding up to the Pallazzo donà della Madonnetta where Miss Mary ("Shy Bride") Baker is entertaining that spick racegoer, Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, who has come on from a new enchanted spot, newer even than Mittersills. Called Monte Verita at Ascona, it is perched on a ridiculously steep little hill looking down on Lago Maggiore, near Locarno. There is a terrifically modern hotel, all sunbathing balconies

and Piccassos, with Degas and Van Goghs in the hall. In the grounds are small *casas* rented by those who keep themselves to themselves, like the Manor House in Jamaica, where you bungalow alone and buffet with the crowd. There is a Lido called Il Paradiso, where things are definitely *allegro*. Here our spy found mine host, Baron van der Heydt, the banker-art collector, who specialises in the rarer Chinese dynasties and runs Ascona for fun—hence the Piccassos, the Greek statues and the Aubussons; all highly cultural, but Philistines need not look higher than the well-filled platters. Hitler's newly appointed Ambassador to Franco—Herr Stohrer—spent his final leave there. Prinz Eitel-Friedrich, a son of the ex-Kaiser and head of the disbanded Stahlhelm, was there, also Baron and Baronin von Rheinbaben (he's the political journalist who visits London during *les crises*)—Mrs. Converse, mother of Sonia, and Vicomtesse Charles de Noailles. Felix Weiss, the Viennese sculptor whose show was a recent London *furor*, Robert Nicholls, poet, and Volkoff, who does scenery for Covent Garden, stayed with Miss Baker. S.H. Prinzessin Elisabeth von Hesse and Lady Mount Temple were at the Lido, where an interesting sunbather was Frau von Deuxen, one of the first supporters of the Nazi view and a friend of the Führer. The British Navy was a success, believe it or not, and the ball on H.M.S. *London* beautifully done with the Dietrich as the guest of glamour. Another good party was given by S.A.R. Prince Louis de Bourbon at his villa, which has an enchanting garden, doubly so because a Venetian garden is a rarity, but the best party was Alanova's. This fascinating Russian-Scottish dancer bid guests to dress as something one

(Continued overleaf)



AT MONTE VERITA ASCONA

A group of rather sun-scorched people at this beautiful spot on the Italian Lakes not far from Locarno. Left to right of the picture are: Mrs. Converse, mother of Miss Sonia Converse, Baronin von Rheinbaben, Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, wife of Captain Brownhill, Irish Guards, the famous G.R., H.R.H. Prinz Eitel Friedrich, second son of the ex-Kaiser, the Countess von Mellin, and Baron von Rheinbaben



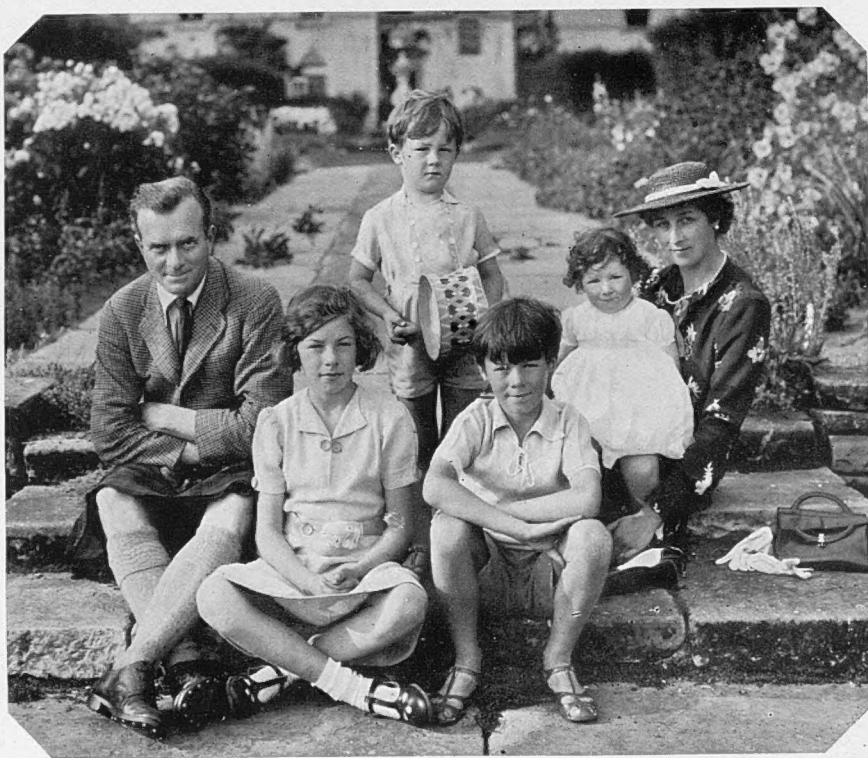
## And the World said—continued

might meet in the Piazza San Marco. Elsa Maxwell went as a *Tiroler* tourist with the red wig and beard she wore at her unforgettable farmyard party in New York. The hostess was a pantry boy in grey flannels and matched by her husband, Comte de Robilant. Mrs. Richard Hart-Davis looked delicious as a Lido Lorelei. The room, hung with posters and fishing nets, was lit by candlelight.

By moonlight—"and if ye can say it's a braw bricht munit licht nicht the nicht ye're a richt A ken"—Captain Gwyn Reid-Walker took his guests a-roving in a launch on Loch Ericht. Seventeen miles long, this is one of the largest lochs in Inverness-shire and twice as deep, in parts, as the North Sea, so probably as popular with monsters as Loch Ness. However, the boatload, including Mrs. Kenneth Boles, Captain "Mouse" Feilden and the Erroll Prior-Palmers, saw no "lang-leggit beasties," but presently drifted towards the rocks, the propeller having embraced a rug. This was the cue for Erroll to stage a rescue in a row-boat, with the same efficiency as he masters a polo pony or a plane. He went on to Musselburgh Races with attractive wife. Usuals there included Sir John Don-Wauchope, of Edmondstone, Admiral Sir John Green, the cheerful Arthur Galbraiths with Lord and Lady Reay, pretty Lady Maitland with her husband and in-laws, the Lauderdales, grouped with the "G. O." Sandys, Duncan Hays, "Bill" Napiers, Hunter Thorburns and "Ronnie" Thomsons. The Sandys' only daughter, Evangela, to be presented next year, is both attractive-looking and easy to talk to—luck for her parents and partners. Her brother has just been gazetted to the G.Gds. and is "squaring" instead of stalking. The Army was represented at Musselburgh by General Sir Charles Grant, whose brother-in-law, Lord Rosebery, dispensed liberal hospitality. Mr. "Archie" MacLaglan, Mr. Oswald Barclay (shepherding Arthur Tracy, the "Street Singer"), Sir Thomas Dixon and Mr. "Geoff" Miller were some of the knowing ones; in fact, the Miller family won a double almost as spectacular as the defeat of "Chaste," last by five lengths. Lord Graves and Mr. Quintin Gilbey advised against backing it, but some could not resist the name. Mr. Edward Esmond, over from his "kingdom," North Berwick, remarked that his longish streak of bad luck, after years of successful ownership, may come to an end next season as he has a nice lot of young horses. The wind was from the sea, so the *quelques fleurs* from the gas works was counteracted by ozone from Aberlady, and, anyway, Musselburgh without its gas works is unthinkable. There is often an Edwardian note about the attendance, and although Lady Mar and Kellie and Mrs. George Keppel did not repeat last year's visit, Mr. George Cornwallis-West and Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie represented our elders—sometimes our betters. Girls included Miss Jean Hope-Johnstone, of Annandale, a new beauty whose complexion deserves a sonnet, Rosemary Grosvenor, the Hope sisters, Ursula Watson, the Bairds, nice Alethea Talbot, neat Bettine Speir, chic Marion Burrell, but no Egerton sisters, for once.

Bogside, which has a shale heap but no gas works, followed Ayr, as usual, and provided backers with a get-out, Lord Milton's "Paul Beg." He and his smiling wife raced, also the Dumfries from Dumfries House (what a good-looking young woman she is!), and Charlotte, Lady Inverclyde, whose son entertained throughout the Western Meeting in his room there. His forthcoming sister, Mrs. McKenna, who rarely misses a day at Newmarket, also "Bogside" with Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, who is Lord Cowdray's grandmother. Seen—Lady Eglinton, Lady Helen Smith back from America, Mrs. Stirling of Keir (canvassing her charity rout at Gleneagles Hotel next week), Lord Suffolk, who has abbreviated his side whiskers, and Ayrshire belles Diana Knox and Hersey Boyle. The latter's aunt, Lady Alice Fergusson, has sent out invitations to hear "the English Ruth Draper" at Kilkerran. The west of Scotland is excited at the prospect of seeing a new star. The north-west will relish the "crowded hour of glorious life," which is the Argyllshire Gathering, for many long evenings. Swing-time has not penetrated to Oban. Out of 46 dances on the two nights only a dozen were fox trots, languidly played and half-heartedly applauded. A new country dance, Hamilton

House, was tried. Slightly less complicated than the Perth Medley, it is also less monotonous. A bonny dancer was Alasdair Anderson, whose wife, Lady Flavia, finds novel writing incompatible with domestic carés. Heraunt, Lady Evelyn Giffard's, new book is about Martin Luther's wife, a neglected character who, one imagines, had a dreary life, but "My Kate Greeted You" tells the truth. Newly-weds at Oban were Major and Mrs. Ian Stewart, of Achnacone. When Ursula Morley-Fletcher she was secretary to the earnest Duchess of Atholl and at one time on the staff at 10, Downing Street. Then she went to Geneva with the Duchess, afterwards attending the League Assembly as a substitute delegate, which reminds me, Lady Muir, who looked so mild and stately stepping from a Rolls at



LT.-COL. AND MRS. J. E. TENNANT AND THEIR CHILDREN

A group taken at Innes House, Colonel Tennant's Morayshire seat, last week. Mrs. Tennant is Colonel Tennant's second wife and is a daughter of the late Sir Robin Duff, the second baronet. The children in the picture are Robina, Hugh, Andrew and Laura. Colonel Tennant is in the Scots Guards (R. of O.), and is a son of Mr.

F. J. Tennant, who is one of Lord Glenconner's uncles

Ayr, used to sleep with a hand grenade under her bed when secretary to the Prime Minister of Bulgaria. Ian Stewart's father, the 12th Laird, claims kinship with the historic Appin Stewarts, who have common ancestry with the Royal House. Another tenacious breed was represented by the 78-year-old MacLachlan of MacLachlan, spats and all. There were MacLachlans at Castle Lachlan on Lochfyne-side before the Campbells penetrated, and anyone who can get there earlier than a Campbell and stay as long shows stamina. No one enjoys Oban more than Lady Noble, who arrives with tiger lilies from Ardkinglas to decorate her dinner table—a hardy annual. Palatial Ardkinglas was built by the late Sir Robert Lorimer, whose fame as architect of the Scottish War Memorial will live so long as Edinburgh Castle surveys the trams of Princes Street. This week the balls at Inverness provide another muster. Mrs. Douglas Campbell has lent a lodge, where her party includes daughters Gwenfra (engaged to Sir Marmaduke Blennerhassett) and Teresa Harrington-Morgan, and Penelope Crichton-Stuart. Her step-son, Ian Campbell, heir-presumptive to the Argyll dukedom, was recently presented with a son and heir by his American-born second wife—"We-we" Clews.





SOME OF  
THE EVENTS  
OF THE  
PASSING  
HOUR

THE MASTER OF CARNEGIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY AT ELSICK HOUSE

The important occasion was the 8th anniversary of the birth of Lord and Lady Southesk's grandson. Lord Carnegie married H.H. Princess Maud, daughter of the late Princess Royal Duchess of Fife. The Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret were amongst the guests. The full list of the names in the picture is as follows :—

(Children) The Master of Carnegie, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt (daughter of Lord Alington), Miss Zoe D'Erlanger, of Invercauld, Miss Virginia Pearson, Miss Delia Pearson, Miss Rosemary Abel Smith and Miss Jina Fox, only daughter of Sir Gifford and Lady Fox. (The elder people) Lady Maud Carnegie, Lord Carnegie, the Countess of Southesk, Lady May Abel Smith, Lady Fox, the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie, Miss Diana Mills and Mr. Lionel Cecil



AT THE ULSTER GUN-DOG TRIALS:  
MRS. E. D. MAGUIRE AND MR. R. HILL



A COMING-OF-AGE AT LATIMER: THE  
HON. JOHN CAVENDISH, MISS MARY  
MARSHALL, THE HON. LADY MANNING-  
HAM-BULLER AND LORD CHESHAM



ANOTHER FROM ULSTER: MR.  
R. D. HARRISON AND MR. J. F.  
TREDINNICK

The big event in the pictures in the lower half of this page is the one of the coming-of-age of Lord Chesham's son and heir, the Hon. John Cavendish, at Latimer, which is in the heart of the Old Berkeley country, which Lord Chesham used to hunt before he went to be Master of the Bicester. The actual coming-of-age date was June 18, but the celebrations were postponed till almost the very eve of the marriage of the Hon. John Cavendish to Miss Mary Marshall, an event which will take place on September 28. The Hon. Lady Manningham-Buller, who is also in the group, is Lord Chesham's sister. At the recent Ulster Gun-Dog Trials Mr. R. Hill was handling for the Maharajadhiraj of Patiala. Mr. R. D. Harrison, who is in the other picture, is the Commissioner of Police in Belfast



# THE CINEMA

Victoria the Little!

By JAMES AGATE

HERE is a film which is going to be shown to the uttermost ends of the earth, translated into Eskimo, Hottentot and Zulu, broadcast, televised, gramophoned and heaven knows what, and there are no programmes at the Leicester Square Theatre to say who's who! We have been told *ad nauseam* how Mr. Herbert Wilcox and Miss Anna Neagle spent their last farthings upon the shooting of the final scenes, from which I can only conclude that they had not the few pennies necessary to print a few programmes. The management will no doubt protest that a list of the characters and who plays them flickers for a moment on the screen. But I cannot memorise at this speed, and therefore I can only guess at what actors played whom, and have no idea at all what company sponsors the film or where it was produced.

In the matter of *Victoria the Great*, as the film is called, I am in something of a difficulty. This is because, between you and me, I have lately had a little too much of Queen Victoria's courtship of Prince Albert. There was the Housman play when I was in New York, followed by the same thing when I got home. But I agree that not all the millions of this country will be able to go to America or even contrive a visit to the Lyric Theatre, and that they too are entitled to have a suck at the Victorian lollipop. All records agree about the essential queenliness of Victoria from her earliest years. The present film in its early part presents her as being arch after the way of the servants' ball and uppish in the manner of a housemaid on her Sunday out. The note is struck when the seventeen-year-old Princess walks down the stairs to receive the news of her accession. There is a Victorian phrase about "flouncing out of the room"; this princess flounces into it in a way impermissible to anybody who was what the Victorians understood by a "young lady." And then there is this film-star's accent, overlaid by layer after layer of the best suburban refinement. At any moment we expect Miss Neagle to toss her pretty head and say: "I hope it keeps fine for you, Albert!" Instead of which she tosses her pretty head and flounces hither and thither. One feels that Mr. Anton Walbrook's Albert, who is gentleman as well as Prince, would have declined the proposal and gone back to Germany murmuring the German equivalent for "baggage." After what seemed an age of pertness the man next to me whispered: "Is she never going to grow up?" The film pretends to be about Victoria the Great, and lo and behold, the major part of it is devoted to showing Victoria as a "madam"!

There is a passage in Miss Edith Sitwell's *Victoria of England* which, as I glared at this film, came insistently to mind:

Queen Victoria's destiny was to mount to the summits of greatness, but not in youth or in her middle years. Only as an old and desolate woman, alone on those mountain peaks to which she had risen by such long and difficult ways, would she see the future of the world and of her people with the clear eyes of the eagle. In old age, the wisdom of the serpent, the heart of the lion, were hers, but not in youth, though her heart was always great.

The result of wasting so much time on the royal billing and cooing is that there is only half an hour or so left in which to see the Queen deployed as the world-figure of those last tremendous years. Both Mr. Housman's *Victoria Regina* and this film show Prince Albert persuading the Queen to prevent Palmerston from provoking America to war. This was in 1861. I have always thought that a better example of

the putting down of the tiny but commanding foot occurred in 1875. Better because unprompted. Hearing that Germany proposed to attack France to prevent the French starting a war of revenge, the Queen "told Mr. Disraeli that the conduct of Germany was intolerable that the talk of a war of revenge was sheer nonsense, and that England must, at the head of the other powers, inform Germany that Europe could not and would not stand for another war." It is a world pity that that foot was not in existence in 1914 to tell Germany that England could not and would not stand for the invasion of Belgium. Of this side to Victoria the film shows us little or nothing, preferring a lengthy and unrelieved exposition of the widowhood. It is characteristic of the cinema that the moment the film arrives at that part of its subject which is most interesting—the essential greatness of the Queen—it immediately loses faith in itself. Or perhaps faith in the millions who are going to see the film. At least, I conceive that to be the reason why at the end it breaks into colour, with an effect like that of a picture-book on which a six-year-old has been messing about with a box of paints. The result is to make the last half-hour of the picture look like something enamelled on pottery and marked "A Present from Blackpool."

It has often been observed that anybody taking his notion of the history of the time from the novels of Jane Austen would remain ignorant of Trafalgar and Waterloo. The makers of *Victoria the Great* resemble Jane Austen in that they give us no notion whatever of the England over which Victoria ruled, except for one shot depicting a rabble demanding the repeal of the Corn Laws.

A more imaginative grasp would have given us a shot of the young Queen at Buckingham Palace in juxtaposition with another one of those lodging-houses intended to shelter 300 persons which, according to Engels, averaged 2,740 nightly tenants piled five and six deep. They would have shown the Chartist Riots and what led to them, with a glimpse of Botany Bay. Instead of which we get pretty pictures of the Queen being attentive to one Prime Minister and snubbing another, without any suggestion of Melbourne's incompetence or of Palmerston's genius. Next to nothing about Disraeli, worse than nothing about Gladstone. But it is useless to continue.

The point is that the film's title demands at least an epitome of the great reign, and all that the picture amounts to is a novelette filmed round a royal love-story. The reader may ask whether Mr. Housman's play is anything more than half a dozen anecdotes strung together on a thread of orange-blossom. The answer, I think, is that the difference between theatre and film is the difference between a drawing-room and a Durbar. Indeed, Noel Coward's *Cavalcade* conveyed far more of the essential greatness of Queen Victoria, though it gave us no more than her funeral.

It is an odd thing that almost anybody, except Miss Neagle, can look like the later Queen Victoria. We are already familiar with the triumphs of impersonation of Miss Helen Hayes in New York and of Miss Pamela Stanley at the Lyric, and though one salutes a brave attempt I am not convinced that Miss Neagle succeeds. The film ends with a shot of Victoria after the Diamond Jubilee nodding to her former self and looking the living image of Miss Edna May Oliver. This last shot not only blasts all that has gone before, but on the night I attended blew me out of the dress-circle into the middle of Leicester Square.

J. A.

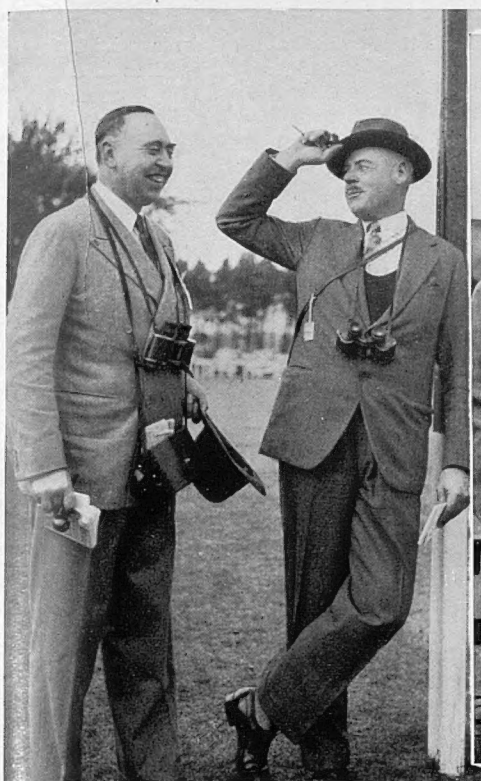


CHARLES LAUGHTON AS A BEACH-COMBER

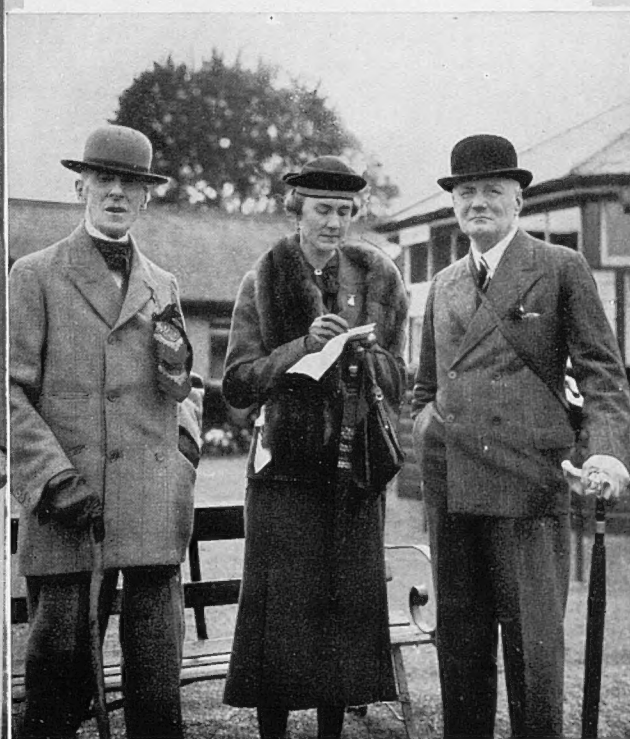
The famous actor will be compelled to go unshaven like this until he has finished work at Elstree on the new film, *Vessel of Wrath*, for Mayflower Productions, a company which he and Erich Pommer, the renowned German producer, have formed. This is their first picture and Erich Pommer, of course, is producing



## SOME ONLOOKERS AT THE LANARK MEETING



COMMANDER A. GALBRAITH AND  
LIEUT.-COL. J. W. S. GALBRAITH



MR. K. SCOTT, MRS. HERBERT STEVENSON,  
AND MR. W. J. CRAWFURD-STIRLING-  
STEWART



MISS ELLEN POLLOCK-MORRIS  
AND MR. J. CAMPBELL



LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL  
AND LORD SINCLAIR



MISS ANN CAPEL, MISS URSULA KENYON-  
SLANEY, AND THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOPE



MISS PATRICIA KENNEDY  
AND SIR OLIVER LAMBERT

The "Scottish Circuit" was in full swing when the above pictures were taken at Lanark. Commander Galbraith is on the retired list of the R.N.; his brother, Colonel J. W. S. Galbraith, commands the 11th Hussars and is at present on leave from Egypt where the regiment is stationed. Mrs. Stevenson is the wife of Major H. M. Stevenson, late H.L.I., and the daughter of Mr. W. J. Crawford-Stirling-Stewart, of Castlemilk. Miss Pollock-Morris is an Ayrshire ex-débutante, and the daughter of the late Colonel W. Pollock-Morris, formerly 18th Hussars. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's Garrion Bridge ran second in the two-year-old seller on the second day; a veteran of the South African and European wars, he did his regimental service in the Scots Guards: Lord Sinclair used to be in the Scots Greys. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Hope, the former Miss Grizel Gordon Gilmour, is the wife of Lord Rankeillour's eldest son. Sir Oliver Lambert is an inhabitant of the country whence the Scots originally came, as his seat is Beau Parc, Co. Meath



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

that his horses always start at ridiculous prices, and they all agree that his training bills are ridiculously high, it's not hard to see how much training will have to be expended on him.

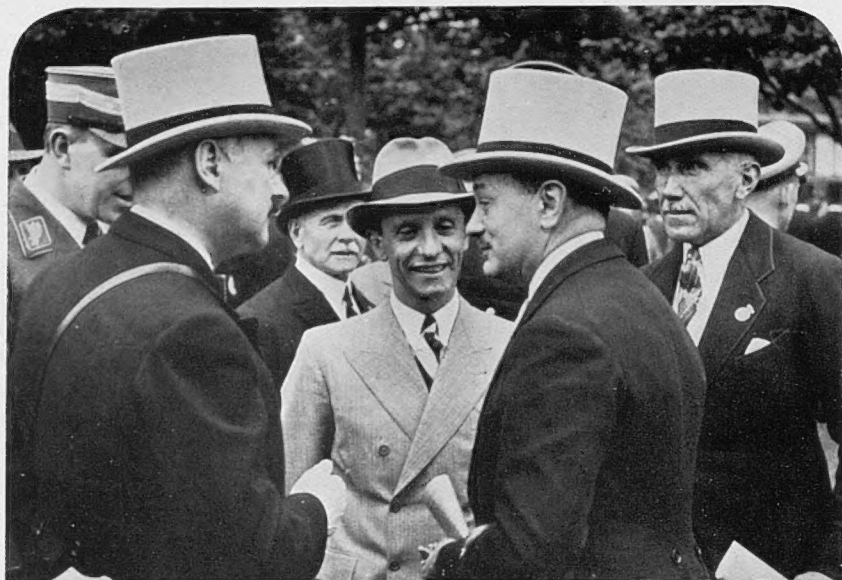
The third type is the rich maiden lady or widow who imagines that the fact that she has a runner at, say, Goodwood, gives her the exclusive right to the trainer's entire attention the whole four days. Having bullied him, rung him up at meals, and made his life a burden to him for a fortnight before the Doncaster sales he buys her a bargain only to find that it is to be sent to another trainer.

The fourth type is the enthusiast who does everything himself. He buys his own yearlings, and makes his own entries which clash with those of other owners. He and the trainer, both or neither, engage jockeys for the same horse, and their views on handicaps are widely divergent.

The fifth type is the owner who is simply there to bet in large sums and calculates the whole thing on a profit and loss basis. As straight as a die at any other form of business he is generally all for sailing as close to the wind as is humanly possible. He usually gives up ownership, because if the horses don't always win when he calculates they should he suspects incapability or dishonesty.

The sixth type are those who from a desire for social uplift, weak-mindedness, temporary over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, or sudden over-solvency are kidded into ownership. These only need training to stay in the game.

As a general rule owners take it as a sacred right that they may



THE "GROSSEN PREIS" IN BERLIN

*Grossen Preis* translates fairly easily into *Grand Prix*, and the occasion of the picture is that of Berlin's big event. In the group are M. François Poncet, the French Ambassador to Berlin; Dr. Goebbels, the Minister whose duty it is to interpret the trend of events in tune with National Socialist ideology; M. Boussac, the owner of the *Grossen Preis* winner, Corrida; and Herr von Papen, the Reich Ambassador in Vienna.

It has been said by a man of drollery and many times quoted since, that any normal man can train horses, but it takes a genius to train owners. This nowadays generally accepted thesis has never been sufficiently enlarged upon, nor have the methods been explained. For this reason one sees many extremely capable and efficient horsemasters wasting their talents on a string, one might almost say a thread, of cripples and advertising weekly in the calendar that they have vacant boxes, and would be willing to take a few horses for noblemen and gentlemen. At the same time one sees others, no more capable, who have printed forms of refusal to take any more horses to train, and employ a brace of A.A. scouts to deflect the unwanted yearlings when the Doncaster Special comes in.

Owners fall into several categories, and it is the individual treatment accorded them which enables one trainer to enjoy life in comparative affluence and ease, while the other, a bundle of nerves, can't pay overheads, and has to owe for the apprentices' clothing.

The ideal form of owner to get, the peak to aim at, is one whose secretary can write cheques without reference, and who either rules a diminutive State in the Tien Shan or owns an exotic residence in Kamskatka, or that sort of longitude.

Why these folk should be imbued with an urge to own the fastest horses in Great Britain is a mystery that the trainer is not called upon to solve. The most unlikely people come into this category, and it wouldn't be a waste of time to throw a fly over the Dalai Lama of Thibet. I'll bet one trainer I know would get a rise, and foul-hook him next time if he came short.

These patrons need no training. They can't ring up, the secretary sends cheques per return, while the trainer runs the horses when and where he likes, merely sending a cable (which arrives two days after the "off") to say when he fancies one.

The second type of owner is the rich, ignorant man who has a host of racing friends. The first friend advises him quite disinterestedly that his horse is 7lb. better in at Leicester than at Derby. The trainer is ordered to run at Leicester, and the disinterested friend wins at Derby himself.

The second friend damns the trainer with faint praise. "Awfully good I always think with long-distance horses but a joke with two-year-olds." While the third friend would sooner put up his odd man than the stable jockey whom he knows is frankly dishonest. As his numerous friends ensure



AT THE EDINBURGH MEETING: LT.-COL. G. H. LODER AND MISS HOPE-JOHNSTON

A snapshot in the Musselburgh paddock. The name of Loder is historic on the turf, connected as it is with Pretty Polly among other famous horses, but on this occasion Colonel Loder had nothing running

stay with their trainers whenever convenient, or at any rate are entitled to any form of drink off the ice at any moment. The trainer should also have worked out the form of every handicap whether he has a runner in it or not, and should most certainly have asked his trainer friends their intentions and the strength of their fancy.



AT LEICESTER: MICHAEL BEARY, P. BEARY AND LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS

A group consisting of jockey, trainer and owner, but not of one of the successful ones. Their candidate was Lingeh, which ran unplaced in the Maiden Plate



# AT THE RECENT YARMOUTH MEETING



MISS SOPHIE TRAFFORD AND  
MR. T. F. BLACKWELL, AN OWNER



THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN MILD MAY  
AND PHYLLIS, LADY SOMERLEYTON



COLONEL AND MISS WALTON  
IN THE PADDOCK



LADY KIMBERLEY AND CAPTAIN  
PERCY WHITAKER



MRS. F. S. REID AND  
MRS. A. G. STUART



THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND  
COLONEL MICHAEL HUGHES

So far as the fun where riding them was concerned, H. Blackshaw had the best of it at the recent Yarmouth Meeting, as he had one winner the first day and a brace the second, and on one of the latter, Mr. G. E. Cloke's "Mile End," who started at a short price for the Haven Selling Plate, he had to work his passage to get home by a head. They had good fields on the whole both days, good going, and fair to good medium autumn weather, so no one had any complaints. As to a short catalogue of the people in the pictures: Mr. T. F. Blackwell, who is seen with a very charming companion, is a well-known owner, and had one running in the Two-Year-Old Plate, and he also owns, amongst others, a promising three-year-old in "Dark Folly." A good many of the Newmarket horses were there, and some of them in the money. One famous trainer, ex-G.R. ("Arravale" in the National many times), Captain Percy Whitaker, who also hails from Headquarters, is seen talking to Lady Kimberley, who is well known in the Shires. Lady Mar, who is with Colonel Hughes, is the widow of the late Earl. The present Earl is his cousin. The Hon. Mrs. St. John Mildmay, who is in the picture with Phyllis, Lady Somerleyton, is Lord Boyne's eldest sister and the widow of Captain Wyndham St. John Mildmay, who died some years ago



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## The Romance of a Hundred Years.

ONE of the most curious facts of life, as one looks back over life from the summit of long years, is the strange change which has taken place in almost every aspect of it, even during the span which constitutes our own knowledge of its tragi-comedy. Suddenly, for instance, one is reminded of something which happened, say, thirty years ago, and it is as if one raised the curtain upon another world. So much has evolved which, at the time, appeared to constitute only a quite unimportant change. Rarely were the changes violent. Mostly they were so gradual that the transformation was scarcely perceived. And yet, as one looks back, it is as if one looked back upon something which had only happened in some old story-book. Unconsciously we have quietly parted company with so much which was then familiar. We didn't part company deliberately: we just drifted away from it. And if that "drifting" concerns former friends and acquaintances, we have now, strangely enough, no real desire to drift back again! At almost every period of the "story," the scene, as well as the characters, appeared static. Yet neither were. That is so strange in retrospect! They were as fluid as we are ourselves, or as life is.

Mr. Robert Henry's book, for instance, entitled "A Century Between" (Heinemann; 15s.), is the story of a well-known family during the last hundred years. One hundred years isn't very long, yet the earlier chapters depict a world as remote in all that is now familiar as if it belonged to some old history-book. They concern the romance between Hannah, the attractive daughter of Mr. N. M. de Rothschild, son of the original founder of the famous family, and Henry Fitzroy, son of the then Lord Southampton. In the account of this love-match, we come at moments into personal contact with old Frau Rothschild, who still insisted upon living in the modest house in Frankfurt in which all her married life had been passed. The romance of Hannah and Henry, however, reads like a sentimental romance of Victorian fiction. Hannah's parents were bitterly opposed to the match. It was part of the Rothschild early tradition to keep the immense wealth in the family. They might mate amongst themselves, but to marry outside the family circle, especially to a Christian, was running the danger of giving the Rothschild wealth opportunity to flow in directions which could not be governed by the heads of the various Rothschild establishments in Europe. Hannah, however, was obstinate. So determined, in fact, was she to marry Henry Fitzroy that a bargain was struck. A six-months absence was insisted upon. If at the end of that time the young lovers were still in love, the Rothschild family might "consider the question anew."

During that six months Fitzroy travelled Europe, and his diary gives a very interesting account of what he did and saw, but is specially readable because it gives such a vivid picture of European travel one hundred years ago, when to travel the Eastern Mediterranean was a real adventure. Returning home, however, Fitzroy found that his elder brother had decided to stop his allowance because he was marrying one of the wealthy Rothschilds, while the Rothschilds refused to give Hannah a "dot" because she was marrying against their wishes. Nevertheless, Hannah became Mrs. Fitzroy, and her mother even went so far as to accompany her daughter to the church door, where she left her to return home in floods of tears. Henry Fitzroy, however, made a success of his life up to a point. Ill-health prevented him from attaining his full political ambitions. Two children were born, a boy and a girl. The boy, victim of an accident, died young. His father never recovered from this tragedy. The girl, later on, married

Sir Coutts Lindsay (another marriage frowned upon by the Rothschild family), and together they founded the famous Grosvenor Galleries, and became the centre of that artistic circle which Gilbert parodied so happily in *Patience*.

We leave the financial to enter the artistic world of London. Here again, long extracts from diaries make the book more than usually interesting. All the leading lights of the artistic, literary, musical and dramatic world of London

visited the Lindsay home. The diaries give delightful glimpses of these great Victorians. For instance: "Browning has just come in to see us. He is back from a visit to Italy with his old maiden sister. Robert Browning is one of those people who improve with friendship, for on mere acquaintance his loud, harsh voice, his incessant flow, not of conversation but of monologue, and his slightly aggressive manner are not in his favour. As a friend he is loyal and true, kind and warm-hearted. His mind is stored with curious anecdotes, and his monologues are nearly always interesting. He is short, rather stout, with a fine head and grey hair and beard. He sat down to luncheon with us after his usual fashion, that is to say, a slice of roast mutton lay and cooled itself on the plate before him while he talked energetically as the other guests plodded through the meal."

Again: "The first time I saw George Eliot I asked who she was. An elderly woman, decidedly plain in face and features, dressed in a simple black silk skirt with a loose high jacket of the same material. Pinned on her head was a small, knitted Shetland shawl, like a veil. She had shining eyes, a soft, low voice, and a gentle, earnest manner. She was surrounded by several deferentially listening men. George Lewes, her husband, as he was called, positively adored her. 'Child,' he addressed her in tones of tenderest affection. She was one of those women who cannot possibly manage for, or look after, themselves. Now that he is dead, her health has given way and her own life is practically ended."

Thus we come to the present descendant of the original romantic marriage, the writer of this most interesting book. Here again is yet another "world"—a world of excitement and adventure as newspaper correspondent. As I wrote above, the diaries make it more than usually valuable, because they give so vividly scenes and personalities and impressions of a world which now seems almost as remote as the world of Queen Anne. Mr. Henry, so to speak,

(Continued on page 568)



Dorothy Wilding

## AN OCTOBER BRIDE: MISS VALERIE BLACKMORE

The wedding of Miss Valerie Blackmore and Captain Reginald Byrne, 3rd Cavalry, Indian Army, is fixed for October 7th, at All Souls' Church, Langham Place. The bride-elect is the daughter of the late Commander G. M. Blackmore and of Mrs. Blackmore, of 1, Portland Place, and Northcote Lodge, Twickenham



MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD

"Georgian Adventure" (Collins) is an autobiographical record of the days of George V., and the author gives us some attractive glimpses of many famous personalities of the period in a most attractive form. Mr. Jerrold is Managing Director of Eyre and Spottiswoode, Publishers, Ltd., an author, journalist, and keen and penetrative politician



## THE NORTHERN IRELAND AERO CLUB MEETING



CAPTAIN AND THE HON.  
MRS. JOHN SAUNDERSON



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. R. MICKLETHWAIT  
ARRIVE FROM THE CLOUDS



LADY MAIRI STEWART  
AND LADY LONDONDERRY



MISS LILY DILLON AND THE  
HON. HARRY MULHOLLAND



MISS PAT MULHOLLAND  
AND LADY DUNLEATH



MR. AND MRS. J. R. BRYANS  
AND THEIR 'PLANE

Pool, Dublin

This was the inaugural meeting of the Northern Ireland Aero Club, and it can be said without perhaps any fear of misunderstanding that it was a bumper one, and now becomes an annual fixture. It was held at the Ards Airport, Newtownards, and people came from London, Southampton, Newcastle, Scotland *en bloc* and the Irish Free State. One of the most interesting arrivals from the last-named location was Miss Lily Dillon, who has not only won the Round the Oases Cup in Cairo, but was a starter in this year's King's Cup Race. The Hon. Harry Mulholland, who is with her, is Chairman of the Club, Speaker of the Northern Ireland Parliament and a brother of Lord Dunleath. Some other members of the Dunleath family are also in this page, as the Hon. Mrs. John Saunderson is Lord Dunleath's sister, and Lady Dunleath is seen with her niece, Miss Pat Mulholland, in one of the pictures at the bottom. Lord Londonderry whose wife and a daughter are in one of the pictures, is President of the Club and competed in the forced landing contest. Mr. Mickelthwait, seen with wife, flew over from Yorkshire in his Gypsy Moth. Mrs. Bryans, seen with also smiling spouse, is a daughter of Sir John Gilmour.



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

links up these old diaries with the romantic story of a family throughout a century, from 1837 to 1937, including his own experiences, making it as a book far more interesting than a thousand novels and far more valuable and exciting, simply for being fact instead of fiction. Briefly, here is a "gloriously" readable book.

## A Beautifully Written Story.

And yet, as a novel—if Mr. Wyn Griffith's book, "The Wooden Spoon" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), be entirely fiction—this one is as moving and as poignant as if it were really a story of a man's life. For the wallower in any form of fiction, whose taste is usually execrable, it is about "nothing very much." It contains no "high-lights." There is no *dénouement*; there is no actual climax—unless, of course, the last few years of any life are indeed a climax, no matter how they may otherwise resemble merely an extraneous fourth act. For this is the story of a man, written in the first person singular, who, after a life of grim realities, returns, with just sufficient to live upon, to his native village on a wild, rocky, desolate part of the Welsh coast.

The story opens thus: "Let me set it down on paper, then, before I grow too old to remember." This sentence gives the key to everything that follows. For it is not so much a story as the flitting backward and forward, from the past to the present, of memory; as memory weaves a pattern while we sit back in the quiet of the evening to reconstruct the story of the dead years, wondering all the time how many seemingly trivial things fashioned our destiny while moments of importance slipped away, leaving no mark behind them beyond a happy or unhappy recollection. First love, for instance. There is a beautiful example of a youth's first love in this book. The more memorable because it is so little falsely "romantic." A mixture of idealism, awe, and sexual excitement. In lighter vein, there is also a delightful description of a country fair and how it affected the villagers according to their ages and occupation; while the life on the farm where the writer worked as a youth seems to possess all the reality of an actual experience. In the beginning, as in the end, we are with him and his memories, from youth to the day when, as an elderly man, he comes home to rest and to be still.

In the midst of the story we are given a vivid, slyly amusing scene of the invasion of a bachelor's "sanctuary" by an elderly woman who is determined to marry the owner without actually asking him. In the end she gets him. The marriage, not in the least romantic in the easy terms of romance, is cosy and reliable all the same; the association of two rather tired, elderly people whose bond is the life each has lived, and the early recollections shared mutually of a youth which is no more. So you see, there is very little in this book which tells an actual story, other than a particularly vivid autobiography tells its tale. Nevertheless, I found it unusually moving and interesting in its study of one life's twilight illuminated on occasion by lightning gleams from the past. It is beautifully written, too. It has "atmosphere." An air of poetry; poetry and realism; as is life's own blend when memory flies swiftly down the years, to hover here and there. It is a story I hope very much to read again. It possesses a beauty unusual in these days.

## A Very Pleasant Tale.

"When the Wind Blows" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by N. Brysson Morrison, is charming in quite another way, but a way which will probably be more generally popular among ardent novel-readers. It has atmosphere, too. Something of the quiet charm of Jane Austen and "Cranford," without their humour, and, perhaps, without their vivacity and life. But then, it is not very easy for a writer to cast her imagination back to early-Victorian times and to make her characters and scenes absolutely convincing. All the same, Miss Morrison does remarkably well. Her large family of Murrays, boys and girls, rather bewilderingly large in the beginning, if you also include their parents and cousins and "bosom" friends—though eventually they are easily sorted out—are delightful company. For this is somewhat a story in the "Austen" tradition of stories. A large family, their ambitions, their failures, their love-affairs which go wrong; the second-best—or what looks at the time like second-best—which has to be accepted, but which turns out the better bargain after all; the large family fortune which was stupidly lost by old Mr. Murray (who was surely senile long

before his time?); and the subsequent "make-the-best-of-it" business which each one shouldered bravely—except the elder daughter, Clementina, who gave up the young man she loved and who loved her, thus making what she hoped might appear as a noble renunciation into a "barging" cross for everyone, including herself.

Bravest of all was old Mrs. Murray, who carried her cross as a bouquet of sweet flowers wafting a tender perfume throughout her tiny domestic world. It all makes a very charming story, very charmingly told. A "charm," moreover, which the Scotch environment helps to create, since it is not too, too Scottish, but sufficiently so to make a pleasantly uncommonplace picture. Moreover, it all ends happily, without being unconvincingly blissful. The more lasting happiness of the smaller excitements. That is to say, for all except Clementina, who, deliberately making her own cross, lived to crucify herself upon it—an embittered, unlovable, and soured human self-sacrifice.



Dorothy Wilding

## LADY HARMSWORTH AND HER SON, HAROLD

Lady Harmsworth was, before her marriage, Miss Elen Billensen, daughter of Mr. Nicolaj Billensen, of Randers, Denmark. Her husband is a son of the late Sir Hildebrand Harmsworth, who was a younger brother of the late Lord Northcliffe. Harold Harmsworth was born in 1931; he has a sister, Ingeborg, who is at the present moment visiting Finland with Lady Harmsworth.

## She Didn't Want Her "Freedom."

There is, however, none of that "cross" nonsense about Miss Ann Stafford's heroine, Angel, in her amusing novel "Pelican Without Pity" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). All she did not

want was the modern "freedom" which her mother insisted she should be given. Angel's mother had made a great success of life—according to Angel's mother. She knew herds of people, she went "everywhere," she was *seen*. She had not much of a mind, but she was full of modern theories. And her daughter should have all the "freedom" which these modern theories imply. But, alas! Angel didn't want her freedom. If her mother and her "world" splashed about in a pond while imagining they were disturbing an "ocean," all she herself wanted was to be a newt living peacefully in a puddle. But her mother would have none of this "puddle" business. Her daughter must be "modern" at all costs. So Angel tried her best, but it was an unhappy business. Unhappy, that is, except for the episode when she was taught to fly—as good a description of a novice-in-the-air as any I have read—and found a man she could both love and manage: the perfect combination. This tale of Angel and her mother I thought most amusing. Read it.



## CABARET AND COMEDY



CART-WHEEL IN THE  
AIR: JUNE TAYLOR  
AT THE DORCHESTER



ALSO AT THE DOR-  
CHESTER: THE MERRIL  
ABBOTT GIRLS



"PYGMALION," AT THE OLD VIC: DIANA WYNYARD, MARK DIGNAM,  
DORA GREGORY AND JAY LAURIER



"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL": ANNE FIRTH (AS  
JANET JASON) AND PETER COKE (ANTHONY HATTON)

Cart-wheels, in the strict sense of the word, do all their turning on the ground, therefore June Taylor's performance in the Dorchester Cabaret is more like that of a motor wheel when it comes off and bounces airily along the road. This agile dancer's cart-wheels are as completely in the air as a League of Nation's "decision." The Merrill Abbott Girls supply just the right æsthetic for the "tired business man" at the same caravanserai. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" is enjoying a good success at the Old Vic. All of us remember that it always was a ——— good play! In the picture Eliza Doolittle (in the charming person of Diana Wynyard) is handing a gesticulative raspberry to her father, Alfred Doolittle, a part taken by Jay Laurier. In "Bonnet Over the Windmill," Miss Dodie Smith very creditably tackles an emotional theme, in place of her previous studies of the commonplace, in this story of a young actress and, her loves. The play is having a quite definite success at the New Theatre, with Anne Firth in the leading rôle of the actress, and Peter Coke—the male lead—the playwright





Swaebe  
COUNT JOHN DE BENDERN  
AND DALE BOURN

A snapshot on a recent occasion. "Dale"—whose initials are T. A.—is the famous amateur who played for England against Ireland and Scotland three times each, against Wales twice, and France and Australia once each. He was runner-up in the Amateur Championship of 1933. Count John de Bendor is also a golfer of no mean achievements

TWO congenial tasks this week. Firstly, to congratulate Percy Alliss on succeeding Dai Rees as what is generally accepted to be the match-play champion of the professionals. I was not at Stoke Poges to see him do it, as I have been enjoying an unnecessarily long period of recuperation down in Killarney: furthermore, Killarney being the most peaceful, self-contained and thoroughly delectable spot in the world, I scarcely followed the play in the newspapers.

Speaking specifically, therefore, with regard to the week's play, I cannot offer an opinion as to whether Alliss was fortunate in his success or whether he walked through the field from the beginning: speaking generally, however, I am sure that no one will dispute the fact that the right man won. Golf professionals have a trying time very often and the very nature of their job, particularly in competitive play, where a freak of fortune may cost them indirectly some hundreds of pounds, offers them frequent opportunities to become ruffled and to express opinions which a more sober reflection shows would have been better left unsaid. Percy Alliss is among those who, in this respect, never put a foot wrong. His standing in the profession ranks almost as high as that of Charles Whitcombe—and there could be no higher compliment.

Like many a great player, Alliss has been robbed of the ultimate success—namely, the Open Championship—largely by his putter. The spectator was too often left with the impression that here was a very great golfer who was not safe from two-foot-six. Now, however, I read that he has

## CONCERNING GOLF : BY HENRY LONGHURST

borrowed a weapon known as the "Black Magic," and with it has worked the darkest of miracles on the green. I find this announcement of especial interest, since this putter is, I believe, one that was founded on a description in a book called "The Short Game," by a New Zealand-American, P. A. Vaile, the arch-theorist of golf, which I edited for publication in Britain. If I am thinking of the same club, it is produced by Forgan's, of St. Andrews, and is made of that black stuff that looks as if it might be aluminium, but isn't. It is unique in that each club is sold with a label attached, giving you instructions as to how to use it—one of them being to the effect that the breath should be held during the stroke.

Talking of books brings me to the second of the week's pleasant tasks, which is to congratulate Peter Lawless—"Vagrant," of the *Morning Post*—on his compilation of "The Golfer's Companion," just published by Dent at a price of three half-crowns. Having spent the winter on a humble volume of my own, I can appreciate better than the next man the effort which must have been put into Lawless' 500 pages, more especially as this effort was broken at a critical juncture by an attack of mumps!

One hears it every year—and as often as not it is unjustified—but this book, frankly, solves the problem of "what to give the golfer for Christmas." Make a note of it at once, or, better still, get it at once. "The Golfer's Companion" is, as its name suggests, an anthology; a collection of all the best that has been written on the game of golf since it began. Every writer worthy of the name is quoted at his best; momentous occasions of the past are recalled with all the enthusiasm of the eyewitness. Of this part, the predominant contributor, for which we may be duly thankful, is Mr. Bernard Darwin, who has also written three new chapters on "The Pleasures of Golf,"

"The Golfer's Temperament," and "Great Players." A chapter on the humours of the game comes from the irrepressible R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, while Eleanor Helme writes on women's golf. Robert H. K. Browning has been entrusted with the history of the game—an obvious choice—O. B. Keeler, biographer to Bobby Jones, talks of American golf, while the indefatigable Lawless conducts the reader on a tour of the world's courses. Alfred Padgham's chapter concerns the golfer's equipment, but to the student of golf the principal interest will lie in the 30 pages of "The Art and Science of the Game," by Henry Cotton. This is all new material, written specially for this volume, and in it the world's greatest golfer tells you just how it is done. I recommend you most cordially to buy this book.



Balmain  
AT NORTH BERWICK: MRS. OLIVER MARTIN WITH LORD  
AND LADY BREADALBANE

A moment's pause on the North Berwick links. The Earl of Breadalbane was formerly a Major in the Gunners and for a time was in command of the 8th (Territorial) Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. His Scottish seat is at Killin, Perthshire



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## THE NARWHALS GOLFING SOCIETY—BY "MEL"

The Society is composed of Welsh amateurs of high merit. Among its members are some famous Welsh Internationals and they can always field a very strong side in their matches against club and county teams. S. B. Roberts, who was the Welsh Amateur Champion last year, has been playing grand golf lately. In the International Series this year in Ireland he was undefeated against England, Ireland, and Scotland, not losing a match in singles or foursomes. In the above page are some very well-known players of North Wales and a very cheery crowd of golfers they are. A narwhal, in its natural state, is a sea animal of the dolphin tribe, which carries a single long tusk projecting like a horn in front of it. Scoresby describes narwhals as "extremely playful"

(NEXT WEEK: BORTH G.C., CARDIGAN)

## ON THE FLAT AT LEICESTER



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. RUPERT HARDY  
WITH (CENTRE) MRS. HENRY GARNETT



THE HON. MRS. MACDONALD-BUCHANAN AND SON, AND (BEHIND)  
CAPTAIN MACDONALD-BUCHANAN, M.F.H., AND FRIEND



MAJOR AND MRS.  
ALGY BURNABY



MAJOR AND MRS. C. DE LISLE BUSH  
AND (CENTRE) CAPTAIN P. CRIPPS



LORD PENDER  
AND A FRIEND

A page full of pleasant people whom a lot of other equally pleasant people know, who mustered at Leicester for the back-end flat meeting. The world of the fox chase is usually pretty well represented at this place, and it was so this time, as Captain Rupert Hardy is a son of Major Bertie Hardy, one-time Master of the Meynell, which is almost his family pack, for the name Gerald Hardy spells "Meynell." The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy is a daughter of the late Lord Hindlip, who was also closely identified with the old "Hoar Cross," founded by Hugo Charles Meynell, and Captain Macdonald-Buchanan, seen with wife and offspring John, in the picture alongside, is Joint-Master of the Pytchley with Colonel J. G. Lowther. Major Algy Burnaby, again it is hardly necessary to remind anyone, is a very famous ex-Master of the Quorn, and is seen in the paddock with his equally well-beloved wife. Lord Pender, who is in another picture, is the former Mr. John Cuthbert Denison-Pender and was raised to the Peerage this year





*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

### LADY LUMLEY: WIFE OF BOMBAY'S NEW GOVERNOR

Sir Roger Lumley was appointed to the Governorship of Bombay in succession to Lord Brabourne, who had held charge since 1933. H.E. and Lady Lumley sailed for India early this month in the P. and O. "Carthage." Lady Lumley, who is a kinswoman of Lord Napier of Magdala, is a daughter of the late Mr. Robert McEwen, of Bardrochat, Ayrshire, and was married in 1922. Sir Roger Lumley, who was knighted by H.M. the King in July and invested with the G.C.I.E., is heir to the Earldom of Scarbrough. He used to be an 11th Hussar, and since war days has held many Parliamentary Secretaryships and has been Member for Kingston-on-Hull and also for York. Sir Roger and Lady Lumley have a son and four daughters, the eldest, Mary Lumley, having been born in 1923. The heir, Richard, was born in 1932.

# AT THE ARGYLL

(BELOW) LADY CAROLYN HOWARD  
AND MR. LYON BALFOUR PAUL



MR. ALASTAIR STEWART  
AND MISS DIANA BETHELL



MR. JOHN KENNETH  
AND MISS HELEN CAMPBELL



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM  
SCHOFIELD



MISS DIANA MILLS  
AND MR. JIM STEWART



MARKING HIS CARD: MISS ROHAYS BURNETT  
AND THE HON. JOCK SKEFFINGTON



MISS MARION CAMERON  
AND MR. ERIC IVORY



MR. IAN MONCRIEFFE  
AND MISS GELDA MAC GREGOR

The Argyllshire Gathering Ball, at which the pictures on this and the accompanying page were filched, was held at the Assembly Hall, Oban, appropriately garnished with antlers, tartans, heather, targes, and claymores, and it infused the right atmosphere—as usual—and made a mon feel he was a mon for a' that, with the corresponding effect on the other sex. Space, of course, does not permit of the pedigrees and performances of everyone in these pages to be set out, but, *en passant*, as you might say, it is right to mention that Mr. John Kenneth (at top) is so lucky as to be engaged to the pretty daughter of the eleventh Laird of Kilberry, and Lady Carolyn Howard, seen with the son of the Falkland Pursuivant of Arms, is Lord and Lady Carlisle's only daughter



# GATHERING BALL

(BELOW) LT.-COL. THE HON. ARTHUR MURRAY AND LADY NOBLE



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD



MR. DUNCAN MACRAE-GILSTRAP AND THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE



SITTING IT OUT: MR. FERRIER MACKAY AND THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY



THE CAPTAIN OF DUNSTAFFNAGE AND LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD



LADY ELIZABETH PERCY AND MR. ALASDAIR ANDERSON



LADY FLAVIA ANDERSON AND THE REV. ROSSIE BROWN



MISS ANASTASIA AND MR. MICHAEL NOBLE

It may perhaps be said without any disparagement to the many other distinguished personages in this page that the nineteenth hereditary Captain of Dunstaffnage—Angus John Campbell—is the most outstanding figure, for he was not only the acting Master of the Ceremonies at this great ball at Oban, but is the descendant of the man who really won the Crimean War. The then Captain of Dunstaffnage was the only man who managed to keep everyone's tail well up before Sevastopol—a great tradition! Lady Massereene and Ferrard, who is with him, is a true woman of Scotland and a daughter of Sir John Stirling Ainsworth of Ardanaisig. Her son, who is in "The Watch" (R. of O.), is seen hard at work booking dances with pretty Miss Rohays Burnett (see opposite page). Almost all the other pictures describe themselves

# ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

## The Crazy Gang Go Victorian

(ON RIGHT) ASSORTED VILLAINY:  
JIMMIE GOLD, BUD FLANAGAN



CHARLIE NAUGHTON



ASSORTED VIRTUE: CHESNEY ALLEN, ENID LOWE, CHARLIE NAUGHTON



CORNER BOYS: NERVO AND KNOX

FOR all I know, Jimmie Nervo may come from Gloucester, Teddy Knox from the farmlands of East Anglia, Bud Flanagan from Bournemouth (its refinement would suit him), Ches Allen from Chesterfield, Jimmie Gold from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Charlie Naughton from a fairy glade on Dartmoor. It is possible, for settlers from the provinces make the best Londoners, and the Palladium's gangsters have long been propagandists of London manners, and even London pride. Having dealt suitably with Regent Street and Oxford Circus in earlier shows, the crazy six and their moderately sane colleagues now embrace the metropolis at large in *London Rhapsody*.

It was suggested, when this revue opened, that the Gang had gone highbrow. Well, plenty of revision is done after a first-night at the Palladium; and by now the entertainment is as hearty as the heartiest of its predecessors. Its only contact with highbrowism is in the minds of critics who, straining after something to say, explain the Crazy Gang in terms of Benedetto Croce, or invoke for them the shades of Goldoni and the *Commedia dell' Arte* (as though the latter dealt only in clowns and pantaloons). When the Gangsters enter for their first attack on reason and respectability, a street auctioneer is knocking things down in the Old Kent Road; and certainly there is nothing at all precious in their ripe comments on the pictures and lingerie that come up for sale. Nor in the episode when Nervo and Knox, Lifeguards in Whitehall, are beguiled by Flanagan of the L.C.C. to dismount from the property horses that have disappointed a scavenger with a municipal bucket. Nor in the scene at a Milk Bar, featuring Flanagan and Allen at philological odds with the uses of fodder and udder. Nor, especially, when the gang at large are flower-selling harridans under the statue of Eros: "Six Little Broken Blossoms, Six Faded Flowers." For this, Nervo is immense as an ancient Yvonne; and Allen, leaving his usual job as foil to the buffoons, becomes a fruity low-comedian in his own right. Contrariwise, Knox offers elsewhere a turn that is less in his line than in the glossy, suave one of Mr. Nelson Keys. As a fashionable man-dress-maker he is not at the top of his form, perhaps because he does here attempt to be a bit precious, perhaps because, when discussing tantalising tea-gowns in a spotted smock and a cantaloupe voice, he misses burlesque by coming too near to the semi-male thing.

What the Palladium lunatics and their producers have done is to go Victorian, with advantage to themselves and the show. There is a devastating



version of the London Pavilion in 1878, with Raymond Newell as the Great MacDermott introducing "We Don't Want to Fight, But by Jingo if We Do"; Enid Lowe and Henry Carlisle in a deft duo ("Heaven Will Protect the Vicar's Daughter"); Syd Railton true to genial type as the Chairman; three of the Lads grotesquely on the spree (and as often as not on the floor); and Flanagan holding up the show with a new catch-phrase—"Good Luck to Yer!"—that rivals his own former "Oy!" and Knox's "Shut up, Cecil!" As for the old-time Drama at the Elephant and Castle, it is such obvious meat for the Gang that the wonder is why they have never done it before. In this, Flanagan is the heaviest of villainous villains, with a black and glowering eye for hisser and interrupters; Naughton, a child wearing innocence and a flaxen wig with equal airiness; Gold, a gipsy to whom kidnapping is as normal as bread and butter. The most hilarious moments come from the box on the prompt side of the stage, where Nervo and Knox, as corner-boys, do their familiar off-stage stuff. Heroine: "My cup of sorrow is full to overflowing." Corner-Boy: "Why doncher drink out of the sor-cer?" Villain: "I smell a rat." Corner-Boy: "'Tain't a rat—put yer boot on!" But the instant roar of laughter derives not so much from the well-timed insult as from the relish in its delivery.

Outside the Gang, there are the usual bits and pieces of spectacle, with average fragrance but more than average animation—Henley, a harking-back to Leslie Stuart's "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" in the Shaftesbury Avenue of 1899, and a Gipsy Wedding featuring a bear, an officiating patriarch who looks like something between a voodoo priest and Old King Cole, and a Hungarian Gipsy Boys' Band, all very vigorous and rhapsodic. And, sandwiched between lunacy and spectacle, there are the usual first-class variety turns, any of which could top the bill in most music-halls. A gentlemanly fellow called Cardini subjects himself to intensive but invisible bombardment by dozens of lighted cigarettes; and, given the full view of his bare wrists and creaseless clothes, only a magician could attempt to guess where they come from. The Ganjou Brothers throw, swing, swizzle and inevitably catch a slim, blonde Juanita with a precision that few jugglers of inanimate objects attain. The good old days of vaudeville are represented by Harry Champion, and the slick new ones by the Wiere Brothers in brilliant drollery with fiddles, grimaces, bowler hats and eccentric whatnots.

A. B.

A  
CATHERINE  
OF RUSSIA



"TELL ME  
PRETTY MAIDEN"

ENID LOWE, HENRY CARLISLE

(BELOW) CARDINI



GANJOU BROS. AND JUANITA

RAYMOND NEWELL

HARRY  
CHAMPION,  
AS USUAL



GIPSY WEDDING: TOKI  
HORVATH, GEORGE GANJOU,  
SYD RAILTON, ROSARITO



THREE WIERE BROTHERS

TOM  
TIT



SACHA GUITRY, WHO APPEARS IN HIS OWN FILM-PLAY

Sacha Guitry wrote and directed "The Pearls of the Crown," which will shortly be on view at the Curzon Cinema. The film has made box-office history in Paris and will, no doubt, do the same here. Another of the great actor's films, "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," is at the Academy

*Written from the Lion d'Or, Nogent-le-Rotrou.*

I HAD intended to write this from Paris, Très Cher, but though the spirit was willing, the flesh gave up the ghost after five hours with a still very "wonky" foot on the accelerator. After a good night's rest we'll gird up the loins—in this case the old hoof—and start anew. Comic little town this—*très passant*, as we say in the explicit "lingo" of the country. Indeed, the "passing-through" is such that it is just as well to give the "star" hotel a miss—and this with all due apologies to the A.A. and T.C.F., since they bestow the star that is well deserved so far as bathrooms, food and beds go. Unfortunately, the Best Pub is on the main street, and since heavy lorry traffic passes through all night long, the enjoyment of the Best Beds becomes difficult. One can sometimes sleep through noise and one can sometimes sleep with a light in one's eyes, but one can rarely cope with both discomforts when they occur with frequent intermittence. Flashes from the passing headlights as they round a curve before passing the hotel come through the wooden slats of the shuttered but curtainless windows at the front of the house, and if one asks for a room at the back, the late arrival and early departure of the travelling salesmen, who apparently think that the smaller the car the noisier the exhaust, curtail one's sleeping hours to a mere forty winks.

Just off the main street, however, and giving on to the market-place, one finds more modest accommodation where one can obtain the pleasant dreams and sweet repose one desires after a day at the wheel. It suddenly occurs to me that perhaps this haven would not be quite so peaceful if one happened to strike a market day . . . but market days only happen twice a week, and it's no good looking for

## Priscilla in Paris

trouble in advance. Perhaps you will object that five hours at the wheel is a "day" after the heart of a Communist labourer, and your objection is admitted, but I can justify my fatigue by telling you that I had risen in the misty dawn to help give the finishing touches to the shutting-up of the wee hoose for its long winter sleep; to load Miss Chrysler 1924 with a cargo of Noirmoutier salt and home-grown potatoes, tennis rackets to be re-strung, the usual suit-cases and type-writer; and to shy bricks at the Kat, who, after an all-night carouse with baby frogs and sandy laupers, was sneering at us from the top branches of a holly-oak, while the Skye sat in an aura of dignity (and a carefully selected puddle) at the foot of the tree. Josephine and the village wench climbed the tree while I dried the dog—Skyles must not be allowed to travel damp—while keeping a watchful eye on the rock far down the beach that enables us to tell at a glance just how much—in this case, how "little"—time is left before the tide rises and the low-tide passage from the Island to the mainland is negotiable. Anxious moments, my dear, anxious moments . . . and the Kat grinned—kurse it for nearly having sent us to a watery grave! I shall get back to Paris too late for the première of the first English play of the autumn season—or, rather, the French adaptation thereof.

British dramatists are well represented over here just now, with *French Without Tears* at the St. Georges; Ben Jonson's *Volpone* at the Atelier; *Oscar Wilde* at l'Œuvre, and now Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Bees on the Boat Deck*. The "record-breaking number of British visitors to the Exposition" may feel their manly, wummanly or childish buzzums swell with pride at the fact, unless they prefer, in Paris, to do as so many Parisians do and seek entertainment at the cinema—preferably the kind that is hall-marked Hollywood. M. Maurice Goudekot is the adapter of Mr. Priestley's *Bees*. It is being done by the Pitoeffs, and I am told that both the doing and the adaptation are very good. Maurice Goudekot is married to Mme. Colette, the great French writer, who is also dramatic critic to *Le Journal*. One imagines that he may have had the benefit of her spoken advice as well as her written criticism afterwards. Lucky lad! I have also missed the wonderful German, Wagnerian season, that could have lasted twice as long and nightly filled an even bigger theatre than the Champs-Élysées, but, since I am not greatly



IN "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN":  
JACQUELINE DELUBAC

Jacqueline Delubac, Sacha Guitry's lovely wife, plays opposite to him in "The Pearls of the Crown." The film has a thrilling story which runs through five centuries of stirring history

given to grand opera—German, Italian, French, or otherwise—I can console myself. I can also survive—though it must have been exciting, if I know anything about Paris policemen—not having seen the great traffic jam in the rue Royale that occurred when Marlene Dietrich came out of Molyneux's Temple of Sartorial Art and the whole world stopped to stare. It took five *sergents de ville* and two mounted policemen to get the crowd moving again. I am rather dreading crowds and pavements and hothouse theatres and overheated restaurants after my two months on the Island . . . but it will be rather nice to get my hair attended to again by an expert poodle-clipper and the hoof properly seen to by a good "vet." There is a silver lining to the clouds of every return to civilisation.

PRISCILLA.



## HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS



BOB RISKIN AND THE NOT QUITE  
SO GINGER ROGERS



TILLY LOSCH AND NORMA SHEARER,  
ALSO OFF DUTY



GLADYS SWARTHOUT, LILY PONS AND FRANK CHAPMAN  
AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL



LUNCHING: MARGOT GRAHAM  
AND FREDRIC MARCH

Photos.: Hyman Fink

A gallery of Hollywood taken when mainly off duty, as the only three who were really busy at the time the camera hit them were Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons and Frank Chapman, who were singing at a concert "in aid" at the Hollywood Bowl. Lily Pons said last year that she would go on working for five years longer and then retire to her farm in Connecticut. She said: "I am not living—just working!" Ginger Rogers, seen at the Hollywood Trocadero with that bright lad, Bob Riskin, is not quite so ginger as she was, for her red-gold hair has been altered to a pretty shade of ash-brown. London is seeing a good deal of her and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance," at the Rialto, and she and Katharine Hepburn, heroine of the more highbrow drama, are stars in conjunction in the new Radio picture "Stage Door," still being made. Norma Shearer, seen with that vivacious personality, Tilly Losch, will be seen in a film of "Pride and Prejudice." This is good news, because, after the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, in 1936, it was said she meant to retire. Fredric March, seen lunching with Margot Graham, is in one of the best films on in London at the moment, "A Star is Born"



## THE ARGYLL GATHERING AT OBAN



LORD CLYDESDALE WITH  
MISS MARGARET BOWES-LYON



MISS HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN  
AND MISS EILEEN YATES



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. W. G. B.  
SCHOFIELD



MR. ALAN CAMERON AND  
MISS FRANCES FRASER



MRS. WILLIAM FORBES WITH HER  
SON, MR. PETER FORBES



MISS THERESA MORGAN  
AND SIR FRANCIS HEAD

This is the season when muscular Highlanders perform prodigies of strength with things like ships' masts and with that form of Pictish Stokes-mortar-bomb that they miscall a "hammer." It is also the season when the Southron visitor to Scotland remembers proudly that he had a great-aunt who married a town-councillor of Ecclefechan (or somebody), goes all Celtic and hangs a kilt on himself. There are, however, still a very large number of genuine Scots folk to be seen at Highland gatherings, as the above page bears witness. Lord Clydesdale is the versatile eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton. Among other activities he has proved himself a boxer of considerable capability, was chief pilot of the Everest Flight Expedition and has sat for Renfrew since 1930. Miss Margaret Bowes-Lyon is a niece of the Earl of Strathmore. Mr. Alan Cameron is the son of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel; Miss Fraser is a daughter of Major the Hon. Alastair Fraser, Lord Lovat's uncle; her mother, Lady Sibyl Fraser, is Lord Verulam's sister. Mrs. William Forbes of Rothiemay is seen with her son, Peter Forbes, who is a subaltern in the Cameron Highlanders





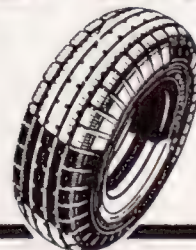
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A “FURIOUS” PANIC: FOULED MOORINGS

By

E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER





## THE SPANIARDS

This ancient hostel, so popular to-day with motorists, is the legendary rendezvous of that famous Knight of the Road, Dick Turpin, and was in later times the meeting-place of many famous men. Here Oliver Goldsmith loved to sit and drink its nut-brown ale, and it was the "Spaniards" tea-garden that Dickens chose as the scene of Mrs. Bardell's





## NN, HAMPSTEAD

party. Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Constable, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Charles Lamb are a few of the names which will always be associated with this old inn, which stands to-day much as it did in those way back days and is as great a landmark of bygone times as is another Hampstead relic, Jack Straw's Castle



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“GHOST SEEN AT DENHAM!”



ANNA NEAGLE

By TONY WYSARD

SHADE OF THE LATE LYTTON STRACHEY: “When I think how nervous I was about my BOOK! . . .”

Our artist, when doing the above impression of Miss Anna Neagle in her dressing-room at Denham Studios, where she has just finished filming *Victoria the Great*, was convinced that the spirit was present of that great writer who was the first to touch on the *vie intime* of Queen Victoria—a subject of considerable interest just now, both on stage and film

(The picture is now showing to enthusiastic audiences at the Leicester Square Theatre)



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## AT WARWICK RACES



MRS. DOMINIC BROWNE  
AND CAPT. P. W. CRIPPS



CAPT. R. ARKWRIGHT, MISS ANN ARKWRIGHT  
AND MISS ELIZABETH PEYTON



MR. AND MRS. ALEC MARSH  
ADVANCING TO THE FRAY



FAMOUS TRAINER AND WIFE:  
CAPTAIN AND MRS. O. BELL



LORD PORTMAN, MRS. HOLMES,  
MR. P. HERBERT AND MRS. MICHAEL BEARY



LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. GERALD  
AND MRS. FOLJAMBE

Some of the "gallery" at the recent Warwick meeting are collected in this scanty page. Mr. Dominic Browne's "Game Cart" was made favourite for the Little Breeders' Stakes, but was unplaced. Mr. Alec Marsh is the well-known G.R., and was third in the race for amateurs on the second day on "Maloja." Mr. P. Herbert won this race on "Autumn"; Lord Portman who is seen with him in the picture below had two running on each day with Micky Beary up, but none of them were "in the money." The famous Irish rider's wife is also in the group. Colonel Foljambe owns some useful horses; he is Lord Liverpool's half-brother and heir-presumptive. Mrs. O. M. D. Bell, seen with her handsome husband, the famous Lambourn trainer, who recently sent out Lord Londonderry's "Columcille" to win the Great Yorkshire, is the former Lady Beaumont. The late Sir George Beaumont who was in the 60th, was a keen G.R. in his time and traced his descent straight back to Louis VIII. of France





Paterson

## AT AN INVERNESS-SHIRE GROUSE SHOOT

The members of a combined expeditionary force taken at Kirkhill last week, when the reports from the North appeared more favourable than heretofore.

Left to right: A ghillie, Major Patrick Grant, Captain Jack Fraser Mackenzie of Allan Grange, Mr. Blundell Hawks, Mrs. Fraser Mackenzie, Sir Duncan Fraser Mackenzie, and a ghillie

**W**HILST it is common form how rude horseback-riders can be to one another, making remarks such as "Only place he (or she) ought to ride is in a cart with a net over it," and so on, I always thought golfers were more kindly and considerate. Apparently not, however. This instance has been provided: "You say Sir John Simon sliced that shot just as I did?" "Oo aye!" "But he's a pretty good player?" "Ablins!" "Then why?" "Yon's got brains!"

Speaking of his adventures amongst the people of the Gold Coast and of their charming manners and how they give you presents of bullocks, I see the Governor, Sir Arnold Hodson, says: "These bullocks appeared to be well trained and very cunning, for after they had been tied up in my camp they managed to break away and return to their herds, while I departed bullockless. I often wondered whether they were specially trained."

His Excellency *must* have read "Handley Cross"? The Gold

Coasters, polite and considerate, as he says, must obviously have done so, and remembered how unpopular "presents what eat" can be.

\* \* \*

It is peculiarly appropriate that the Rudyard Kipling Memorial Fund, which, it is hoped, will reach a sum of £250,000, should take the form of benefiting the Youth of this Empire, for Kipling had a specially soft spot in his very large heart for boys. Himself father of a son killed in the war, his writings show us plainly the trend of his mind.

We meet this in the story of those gallant boys, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," even though these drummer boys never actually existed, for it is not the custom of regiments to take them when they go out on Frontier escapades; we meet it in "Wee Willie Winkie," in "Baa, Baa, Black

## Pictures in the Fire



## AT THE BOGSIDE MEETING

Lady Suffolk, the former Miss Mimi Crawford, the well-known young actress—who came over from Edinburgh with her husband—with Lady Sinclair-Lockhart, whose home is Cambusnethan Priory, Wishaw



Dennis Moss

## DIRTY WORK AT A GYMKHANA AT CHELTENHAM

The thing they were set to do was to eat buns smeared all over with treacle—and they called it an Obstacle Race! What the starters called it has not been published. This is almost as bad as that event in which the victims are asked to eat a sponge-cake, drink a bottle of ginger pop and then sprint a hundred yards. Left to right: Gerry Wilson, the Grand National hero, "Golden Miller's" pilot, Miss Betty Allgood, and Miss D. Burke



## AT THE STEED-MASON WEDDING

Lady Evelyn Mason, mother of the bride, Miss Doris Mason, and the Marchesa Durazzo, the bride's cousin, arriving for Miss Violet Mason's wedding to Mr. Wickham Steed, at St. Mary's, Northleigh, Oxon. The bride is a niece of the Earl of Crawford



# By "SABRETACHE"



## ALSO AT BOGSIDE RACES

Miss Margaret Stirling, daughter of Brig.-General and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Stirling, of Keir, near Dunblane, and a cousin of Lord Lovat, and Mrs. Jack Dewar, wife of "Cameronian's" famous owner (the Derby, 1931)

Sheep" (a bit of his own life), and in all the people in "Stalky and Co." So when we learn that this fund is to be mainly devoted to providing bursaries at Westward Ho! and the Imperial Service College, Windsor, it is obvious that the Earl of Athlone and those associated with him are proceeding upon lines which would have specially commended themselves to the great author and poet. To quote the more detailed "information" which has been supplied to me:

The proposals for establishing the Rudyard Kipling Foundation consist of the erection at Westward Ho! or Windsor of commemorative plaques, sculptured busts, or stained glass windows, the building and equipment of the Kipling Library at the Imperial Service College, Windsor (the new name of Kipling's old school, the United Services College), and the provision of a capital sum the annual income from which is to be devoted to the provision of bursaries at the Imperial Service College for 50 boys. The value of each bursary will be sufficient to pay two-thirds of the fees ordinarily payable at the college. The boys so chosen will be known as "Kipling Scholars," and they will

be nominated by local committees of the foundation.

It is anticipated that the erection of a spacious library to be named after Kipling will create a centre of lasting interest to admirers of his work, particularly in America, where Kipling is widely read.

Generous support for the proposals has already been forthcoming, over £30,000 having been subscribed. The appeal will be launched formally at a banquet to be held in London on October 28.

I feel sure that complete success is already assured. Lord Kenilworth is Chairman of the Finance Committee, Lord

Southwood of the Propaganda Committee, and Major B. C. Hartley, of Rugby fame, and Sir Henry Wheeler, formerly a distinguished member of the I.C.S., are the Honorary Secretaries with Mr. Hugo Bolton whom you can find at 11b, Hyde Park Mansions, as Secretary of the Fund.

I see that the Bucharest Police Chief has proposed to the Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior that all persons who have been sentenced twice for pocket-picking should be marked on their ears and hands with red



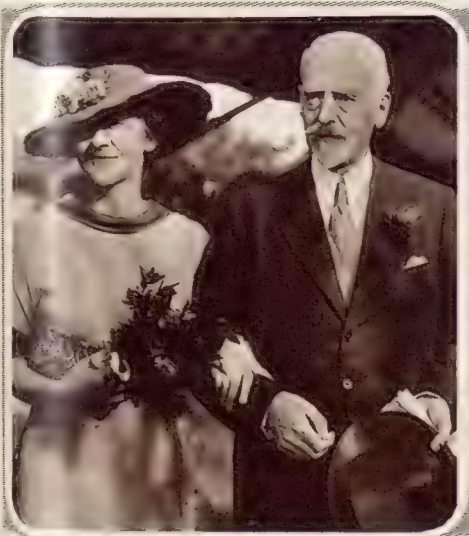
Hindle Higson

## THE MEMBER FOR RUSHCLIFFE AND FAMILY

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Assheton and their offspring, Ralph, Bridget and Nicholas, also the family hound, at their country house, Worston, Lancashire. Mrs. Assheton is the elder daughter of the late Lord Hotham, who was succeeded by his cousin. Mr. Ralph Assheton has been Member for Rushcliffe Division (Notts.) since 1934

paint of a kind that cannot be washed off. This is very good, but why go to the expense of having a paint that cannot be washed off? Not so long ago in one of those places, where the bath is regarded with a feeling of terror, they issued "bath cards" which had to be stamped by the Ministry of Health if, and when, satisfied that the holder had had his monthly dip. All people under ten and over sixty were exempt.

In this connection, only a few years ago there was displayed in our own Home Office Museum a "washing machine specially commended to the notice of careful housewives." I have quoted. It said in explanation that this contrivance "displayed the three stages of cleanliness: first, suds; second, suds; and third, suds. A less scientific way is to judge by the blackness of the water." All rather sordid and not a little disgusting, especially as it suggested that it might be useful to hostesses of the Society brand. They could, it was covertly indicated, go over the bath water (if any) of their guests and thus arrive at a decision who to ask back. (Continued on page xxvi)



## MR. AND MRS. WICKHAM STEED

Taken as they were leaving St. Mary's Church, Northleigh, Oxon. There is no need to say who the very famous bridegroom is. The bride's mother, sister, and cousin are in the picture on the opposite page



Truman Howell

## "GOLDEN MILLER'S" PILOT, WIFE AND FAMILY

Gerry Wilson, with daughter Jane on a counterfeit presentment of the 1933 Grand National winner, which, of course, is an actionable libel of that great horse. The picture was taken in Cheltenham. Mrs. Gerry is a daughter of T. R. Rimell, who trained "Forbra," the 1932 Grand National hero, so the atmosphere of Aintree is well preserved





Dorien Leigh

**LADY MARY VANE-  
TEMPEST-STEWART  
AND YOUNG FRIEND**

This pleasing picture was taken at Mount Stewart, Co. Down. The favoured person in the snapshot is one of the owner's special friends. Lady Mary is the youngest of Lord and Lady Londonderry's four daughters, and has recently become the aunt of an heir, the son born to her brother, Lord Castlereagh.

**A** PRETTY young widow was sitting on the hotel verandah with her small son. Also sitting on the verandah was a good-looking young man. After a time the little boy ran up to the man.

"What's your name?" he asked.

The young man told him, and the next question was, "Are you married?"

"No, I'm not," was the reply.

The child seemed at a loss as to what to say next, and then turned to his mother and said in piercing tones:

"What else must I ask him, mummie?"

"Now, children," said the teacher in a Sunday school, "if we are good while on earth here, when we die we will go to a place of everlasting bliss. But suppose we are not good here, what will become of us?"

"We'll go to a place of everlasting blister," answered a cheeky young hopeful.



**CAPTAIN AND MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS FISHING ON LAKE GENEVA**

The kit is, or was, ideal at the time this picture was taken, for summer has lingered quite long in Switzerland and Southern Germany. Captain Francis Francis, very famous in the world of amateur golf, used to be in the Foot Guards, and his wife was formerly that very popular stage personality, Miss Sunny Jarman.

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

He was a woman-hater, and was telling a friend so.  
"But," said his friend, "you must admit that it's a grand thing to have a lovely woman in your arms."  
"Maybe," replied the other with a cynical smile, "but the trouble is that one ends up by having her on one's hands."

The small boy was reading. Suddenly he stopped, looking very puzzled.

"Daddy, what is a feebly?" he asked.

"A what?" said his father.

"A feebly?"

"I've never heard of such a thing," said his father, "read the whole sentence."

"A man had a feebly growing down on his chin," read the lad.

The local village pub had caught fire and firemen were playing their hoses on it with great skill.

Presently one of the "regulars" appeared on the scene.

"Do you think you'll be able to save the pub?" he asked one of the firemen.

"Oh, sure to," was the reply.

"Well, how about playing the hose on the slate behind the door?"

"How is old Bill these days?" asked one club-member of another.

"Oh, he's much better since his operation," was the reply from the second member.

"Operation? I didn't know he'd had one."

"Oh, haven't you heard about it? They've removed a brass rail that has been pressing against his foot for years."

She was a very bad driver, and it was a miracle that she ever got through a driving-test.

One day she went for a run, and came to grief at a railway crossing. She emerged from the ruin of her car, while the engine-driver of the train and others gathered round.

"Why on earth," said the driver, "didn't you stop at the crossing until you were sure the road was clear?"

"I sounded my horn before you blew your whistle," she retorted.

The absent-minded parson had begun giving out the notices when he found he had mislaid his notebook.

"I publish the banns of marriage," he faltered, "between—between—"

"Between the cushion and the desk, sir," came a loud whisper from the verger.

The negro was all dressed up in his best clothes and was strutting majestically up and down the street.

"Are you not working to-day, Sambo?" asked a passer-by.  
"No, sir," replied Sambo. "I'se celebrating my golden weddin'."

"Then you were married fifty years ago to-day?"

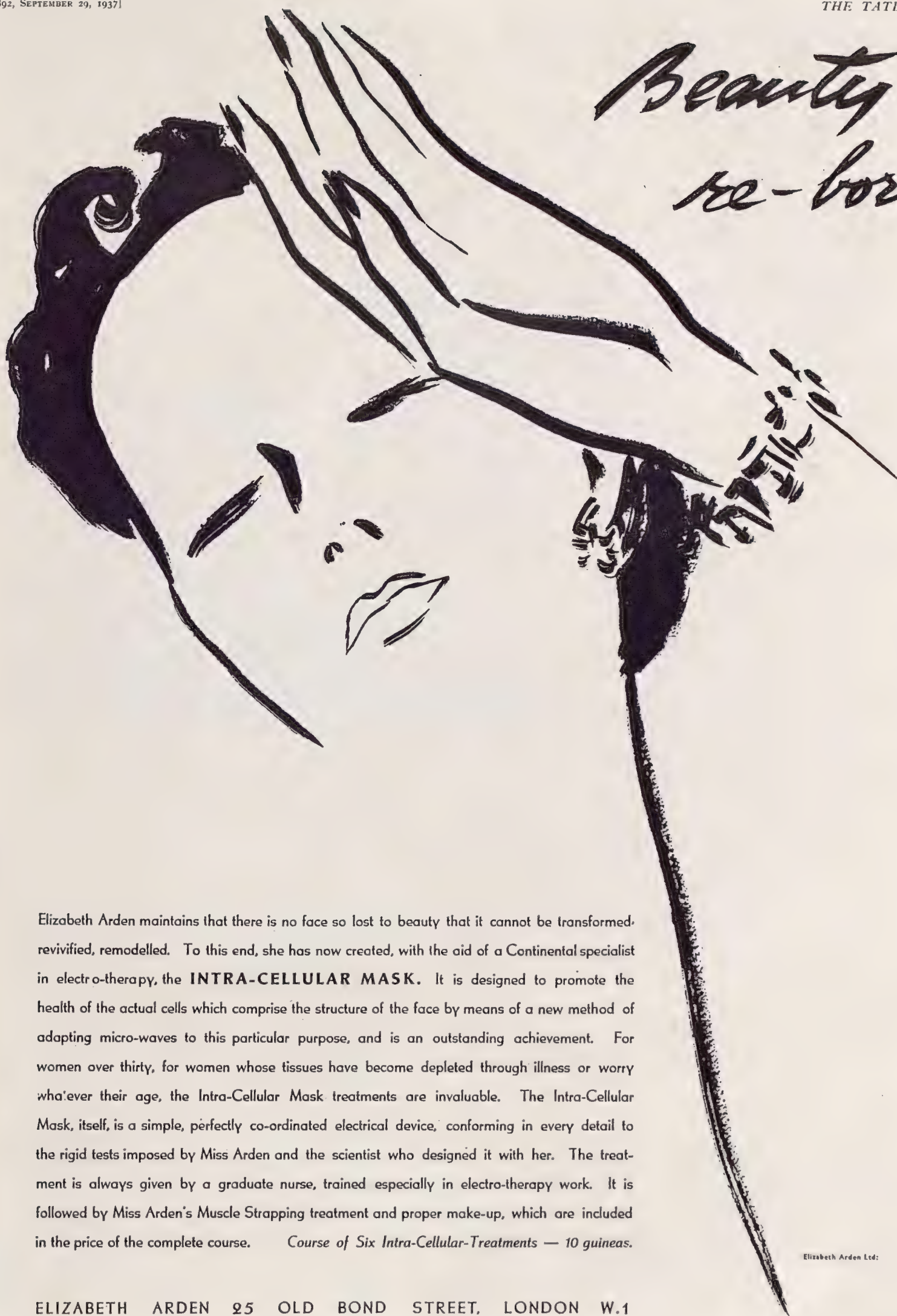
"Yassir."

"Well, why isn't your wife celebrating with you?"

"My present wife, sir," replied Sambo, in dignified tones, "ain't got nothin' to do with it; her's the fourth."



# Beauty re-born



Elizabeth Arden maintains that there is no face so lost to beauty that it cannot be transformed, revived, remodelled. To this end, she has now created, with the aid of a Continental specialist in electro-therapy, the **INTRA-CELLULAR MASK**. It is designed to promote the health of the actual cells which comprise the structure of the face by means of a new method of adapting micro-waves to this particular purpose, and is an outstanding achievement. For women over thirty, for women whose tissues have become depleted through illness or worry whatever their age, the Intra-Cellular Mask treatments are invaluable. The Intra-Cellular Mask, itself, is a simple, perfectly co-ordinated electrical device, conforming in every detail to the rigid tests imposed by Miss Arden and the scientist who designed it with her. The treatment is always given by a graduate nurse, trained especially in electro-therapy work. It is followed by Miss Arden's Muscle Strapping treatment and proper make-up, which are included in the price of the complete course. *Course of Six Intra-Cellular-Treatments — 10 guineas.*

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THE RICHMOND XV. v. NORTHAMPTON

This match, played at Richmond, was drawn at 16 all. The Richmond side were (standing) C. H. Gadney (referee), E. D. E. Reed, A. F. Dawkins, R. C. P. Almond, H. F. Hurley, D. E. Teden and J. D. Hennell. (Seated) D. M. Harper, E. A. Styles, C. D. Laborde, J. Megaw (capt.), F. Mennin, W. A. H. Chapman, E. L. A. Folker. (On ground) K. Wrexford and J. A. Peters

DEAR TATLER—

I EXPECT you have noticed that a great many people find fault with the multiplicity of rules in the Rugby game, and are in the habit of saying that no one can possibly understand them. Such folk have a field-day at the beginning of every season, and the present one is no exception. Certainly, in one of the first matches played in London this year, neither the players nor the referee seemed to have heard of the alterations in the rules, particularly that which allows a side given a penalty kick to come up to the mark. Not until the fourth or fifth penalty was awarded was the kick taken from the proper place, and only then because the spectators loudly insisted on the new law being observed. I understand that there were various incidents on other grounds, a Richmond spectator even going so far as to demand in no uncertain voice that not the new rule but the old one should be used. However, I dare say that in a few weeks we shall more or less settle down.

The question of referees in Rugby has always been a difficult one. It does not follow that because a man has been a great player he is also a first-class referee. Some of the most famous officials have played very little important football, and some none at all. It is perhaps rather a minor point, but I have long thought that referees do not obtain sufficient recognition for their services. In the majority of matches the name of the official is not even mentioned, unless it is thought necessary to find fault with some decision or other. I should like to see the name of the referee printed on the programme of every match, or mentioned in the lists of teams which appear in the papers on the morning of the game. One advantage of that would be that you could always stay away if you did not approve of the methods of the official in question, and that might happen more often than you would think. Nevertheless, the game owes a very great deal to referees, and it must always be remembered that they do not make nearly as many mistakes as partisan spectators sometimes imagine. It is astonishing to what lengths some critics will go in the way of finding fault with the referee, especially when they see their confident predictions going west.

That was a thoroughly interesting game the other day at Exeter between W. W. Wakefield's XV. and Devon. Incidentally, everyone was pleased to hear that "Wakers" was

# A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

recovering from a rather serious illness. It was a very strong side that he had got together, and therefore not altogether surprising that it won by a goal, a penalty goal, and a try to a goal. There was a big crowd on the famous old county ground to mark the Jubilee of the Devon County Union, and they witnessed a fine open game with a lot of good handling. In the second half, Devon, who were in better condition, were the only side to score, and they pressed hard on many other occasions without being able to cross the line.

Not since the war have Devon won the County Championship, which they carried off for the first time in 1899 and also won several



Photos.: Crisp

THE NORTHAMPTON XV. WHICH DREW WITH RICHMOND

Richmond took the lead at the beginning of the game, but Northampton showed the better combination, possibly as the result of having already played two games, which Richmond had not. The Northampton names are (standing) C. Williams (vice-chairman), A. Wood, R. G. Hurrell, F. Jeffcoate, F. Carratt, R. Powell, J. F. Sharman, H. Norfolk and E. J. Gordon (hon. sec.). (Seated) D. King, R. J. Longland, A. E. Brooks, W. H. Weston (capt.), G. S. Sturtridge, W. J. Taylor, E. C. M. Palmer. (On ground) E. R. Winter and R. H. Pywell

times between that date and 1912. Many of the heroes of those pre-war days were at Exeter, including several who had gained their caps for England. Everybody, in the West Country at any rate, will remember the names of Charlie Thomas, T. S. Kelly, D. Dobson, W. A. Mills and many others. It is curious, by the way, that in what purported to be a list of Devon Internationals, two of the most famous escaped mention altogether. One was W. Ashford, a great name in the early days of Devon football, and one of the first Devonians to gain an English cap. His honours were obtained in the closing years of last century. The other was probably the most famous of all Devon captains, E. W. Roberts, whose untimely death a few years ago came as a great shock and deprived England of one of her most able selectors. There have, of course, been some brilliant Devon forwards since the war, the most distinguished of whom, perhaps, is W. E. G. Luddington. During the last few years, however, the county has not produced quite the same standard of forward, a fact for which various causes are assigned. But there is no reason why there should not be a revival of Devon football and why it should not regain its old name and fame.

London clubs have been, as usual, somewhat slow in starting the season, and some of them have not even yet been seen in action. Richmond, however, were comparatively early in the field, and a good deal of interest has been taken in their first matches. They have, of course, lost their two well-known centres, P. Cranmer and R. Leyland, who will be found this season at Moseley and Aldershot. Both have

(Continued on page xxxiv)





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**• WHERE THE POUND IS TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS**



## LAWN TENNIS :: "RABBIT" By



Stuart

THE AMERICAN LADY CHAMPION :  
SEÑORITA ANITA LIZANA

The charming little Chilean player has at last achieved championship honours by winning the Ladies' Singles at Forest Hills. The picture was taken in California, whence she will shortly return home to Santiago for a while before returning to England next January to prepare for Wimbledon.

the tennis season with one of the most delightful tournaments that are held in Great Britain. I would not miss this particular tournament myself for a season ticket for the Centre Court in perpetuity. Stars and "rabbits" forgather after play—or should I say work?—is over and enjoy the hospitality of the Scottish scene, proving how wonderful the air is up North by being prepared to dance reels of one kind and another all evening, no matter how many matches they have played earlier in the day, or, again, how hard the wind has blown—and, believe me, there are days at Gleneagles when you feel as though you were playing on board ship. On the other hand, there are also halcyon days when the sun is as warm as mid-summer and the atmosphere is full of the spirit of try-try-again, so that Victor Cazalet has been known to reach the final of the handicap singles from the 0-30 mark, while the rest of the members of the house-party at Drummond Castle were torn between watching his persevering returns and playing a round of golf between the first and last sets.

But this year both of Lord Ancaster's daughters, Lady Catherine Ramsden, an excellent player herself, and Lady Priscilla Willoughby, who prefers stalking to tennis, have deserted Gleneagles for Kenya. However, all the other regulars are here, including that great judge of form and food, Colonel Helme, whose plus-fours are such a feature of the tournament that many players on the court nearest the referee's pavilion have been known to have their concentration distracted when this famous side-line judge has appeared on the horizon of the hotel's terraces, returning to his place as spectator in the stand from an after-lunch session of some sport or other. I should like to think that when I reach his age I shall still be as youthful in spirit and as active in body.

Soon the winter will be setting in and most average tennis players will be settling down to sluggish livers till a new year brings new sporting ambitions in its train. There is, of course, the autumn meeting on covered courts at Queen's still to come, and then, as far as this country is concerned,

THIS is my last appearance on this page till spring comes round again and English tournaments commence once more. I am writing this at Gleneagles, where every year is celebrated the round-up of

all is silent until March, though I was forgetting the alibis that will be produced by the British team now touring America on their return. Personally, I should like to give them a piece of advice—especially the girls in the party: to keep silent when their boat docks at Southampton, and make no excuses for their disgracefully poor showing in the Wightman Cup and in the National Championships that followed. The truth is that, with the exception of Miss Kay Stammers, who, I believe, only needs a long rest from the game to regain her championship form, none of the women players we sent to America could be considered in the same class as either the senior members of the American team or the foreign visitors like Señorita Lizana and Panna Jedrzejowska.

And for this reason it is no use my pretending to be optimistic about our chances in 1938. The girl of whom such great things were expected—Miss Mary Hardwick—is

as pretty as a picture on court and makes the graceful movements of a figure on a modern version of a Greek frieze. I do not doubt that her appearance and the beauty of her back-hand are the admiration and ideal of every High School girl in the kingdom. But then, the standard of intelligence in girls' high schools is a distinctly low one. So it is only natural that members of the "first six" in our first sixty schools would fail to realise that Miss Hardwick hasn't improved an iota during the last three seasons and still allows the ball on her forehand to drop a split second too late, which makes all the difference between her making a winning shot after securing an opening for herself and giving her opponent time to recover position. I sincerely hope that Miss Hardwick

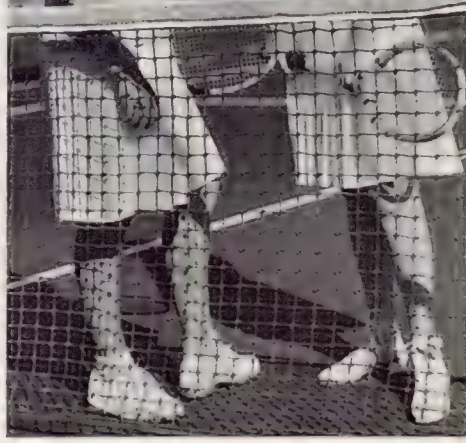
GOING GAILY INTO BATTLE: KAY  
STAMMERS WITH HELEN JACOBS

Kay Stammers lost, in straight sets, to Helen Jacobs in the quarter-final round at Forest Hills with the same cheerfulness and good sportsmanship that attends her triumphs. Miss Jacobs lost to Miss Jedrzejowska in the American semi-finals.

will go on adorning our leading tournaments for many years, but I am afraid that as a possible rival to Alice Marble, Señorita Lizana, or Mrs. Heine-Miller she is a wash-out.

I am glad to hear that Mrs. Miller is being sent over by the South African L.T.A. next year to play at Wimbledon and many of our leading tournaments.

(Contd. on p. xxiv)

A FAMOUS TEACHER: MISS ELIZABETH  
RYAN WITH MRS. JESSE LASKY

Miss Elizabeth Ryan, in her day the greatest woman Doubles player ever known, is to-day one of the game's finest teachers. In the picture she is seen imparting instruction to Mrs. Lasky, whose husband is a very important figure in the film world and who founded his first company as far back as 1914





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# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



## WEEK-ENDING IN PERTHSHIRE

Group Commander Richardson, Naval Air Arm H.M.S. "Furious," and his brother Patsy at the Gleneagles Hotel. H.M.S. "Furious" is in Scottish waters at the moment. Mr. Patsy Richardson is one of our best ski-ers, and they are both popular members of a very ancient Cheshire family

## Aerobatics.

**A**EROBATICS look like becoming a lost art in England. At Hatfield, just before the finish of the King's Cup Air Race, Lieut. Fischer and Herr Förster showed us just how far behind

we are, and their displays ought to be regarded as a stimulus to revivalist work. During the war in 1914, some of the most enterprising aerobatic pilots were English, and the art is well worth cultivating for its own sake. It is the ballet of the air, a form of expression by movement, very insubstantial, very delicate, very difficult fully to appreciate, yet with its own values and with a host of delights for those who understand it. The aerobatic pilot sketches figures on the sky, and it is by neatly fitting together the shapes he outlines and the attitudes of his aeroplane so that they merge into completed arabesques, that he shows his skill. Aerobatics have advanced far from the demonstrations of the early days; but they are still founded on the components first introduced to the world by Pégoud long before the war.

To-day, a Fischer, a Förster, or a Détrouyat will present a programme in which innumerable and elaborate patterns are traced. Yet they are all formed of combinations of the old original manœuvres. I was particularly interested, for instance, in the "spectacles" which were demonstrated in two different ways at Hatfield by a Royal Air Force pilot, who did them in the normal way, and by Herr Förster, who did them in the part-inverted way. The "spectacles" are the figure-of-eight laid out horizontally, and the aeroplane describes, as it were, the two loops made by the rims round the lenses. A moment's thought will make it clear that these two loops can be done right way up or they can be

done with one loop right way up and the other inverted. If it is desired to do them both right way up, as the R.A.F. man did, the aeroplane is half-rolled as it traverses what forms the bridge over the nose in an actual pair of spectacles. With this half-roll in the middle, the aeroplane makes two normal loops, and the figure is complete. But if the half-roll is not introduced, then one of the loops must be made inverted. Actually, Herr Förster made the second loop inverted, which one would suppose to be more difficult. Yet he described a perfect figure, and, so far as I could judge, kept the tops and bottoms of the two loops on a precise level. It was a fine piece of flying.

## Figure-of-Eight.

The "spectacles" ought not to be confused with the figure-of-eight, which is done in the vertical attitude. The figure-of-eight can be done with both loops inverted, a half-roll just before the completion of the top inverted loop keeping the machine upside-down in readiness for the bottom inverted loop. Incidentally, there is a certain amount of difficulty in aerobatic nomenclature, because it is customary to refer to the pair of 360-degree turns, such as people do in order to obtain an "A" licence, as a "figure-of-eight." It would be better if the term were reserved for the vertical figure-of-eight done in aerobatics, and if the other manœuvre were simply referred to as linked right and left turns; or, if necessary, as a "flat" figure-of-eight.

The more advanced aerobatic manœuvres, such as the "spectacles," are all of them difficult to do, and I admired Lieut. Fischer and Herr Förster enormously, not only for the perfection of their technique, but also for the fact that they went through their full programmes in very bumpy weather. It is necessary, of course,

to have an appropriate aeroplane. They both use small biplanes, and the type seems well suited to the work, provided it is lightly loaded, and has engine alimentation which will permit power being used in inverted flight. I do not know, off-hand, of a type of British machine equally well suited to aerobatics, but there are several which could be converted to that purpose without much difficulty. And I think it is time the conversion was done, and time that we encouraged some gifted pilot to study the art. In England we are gradually getting so ignorant of aerobatics that we are

(Continued on page ii)



## A CINQUE PORTS FLYING-CLUB PARTY

In the group are, left to right: Mrs. W. E. Davis (and Murphy), Mr. Waugh, Mr. Sharwood Smith, Mr. F. Schetty, and Mrs. Kimmins, wife of the playwright. Mr. Waugh and Mr. Schetty are busy taking their "B" licences, and Mr. Sharwood Smith is home on leave from Nigeria studying club management, with a view to starting one in those parts when he goes back



## TWO WINNERS AT THE RECENT EASTBOURNE FLYING-CLUB MEETING

In the above picture are Miss Sheila and Miss Mabel Glass who won both the sealed arrival award and also first prize in the Concours d'Elégance for the best-kept aeroplane. Many famous pilots were on the premises, including Amy Johnson, who opened the proceedings at the second meeting



# Haig in every Home



Don't be Vague  
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES





*She wore a rose-pink, silver-flecked scarf,  
and looked almost young and beautiful*

## SHE WAS STILL THE FOOLISH WIFE

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

OUTSIDE was the warm, gold sunshine that went to women's heads worse than moonlight. Through the slit in my sun-blind I saw the flower-seller walking behind a great mound of the exotic, wickedly-perfumed local flowers that made women half-shut their eyes and inhale in excited, awakened phantasy and imagination.

Satan take these "sunny climes" this "tourist's paradise"! (See "travel" folders.) A pest on this holiday haunt where "cool silver moonlight follows hot gold sunlight in the unending molten alchemy of Romance and Love"—read that fool American woman's noveletty rhapsodies that sell in their thousands in every shop and kiosk in the town!

As I walked out of my bureau to see if the hotel car had brought any guests and to welcome them, I had such a sudden nostalgia for a real hot English cup of tea and a nice, cold, drizzly Scotch mist outside that I was nearly sick.

I had been receptionist and manageress of this little honey-moon pot, and love-nest of an hotel for ten long, fairly financially fruitful years. I suppose I had seen "life"—triangles, divorces, honeymoons, and even murders had worked themselves out under my eyes. Types and exceptions to types and reversion to type had passed under my eyes in constant procession. I cannot say I had developed any very exalted ideas of my own species during the processional. I was there because I wanted to make enough money to spend my old age in the most beautiful city in the world, Edinburgh, among the saltiest, least pretentious race I knew—my own.

The only arrival by the hotel car was already parked in the lounge. The Cuban orchestra were swimming in their own musical molasses—but it was the Giant Gigolo, uncoiling to strike, that caught my eye.

We had hated each other for three long years, this "hotel attraction" and myself. He was "social host"—dance partner, the flawless Culbertson bridge automaton, personal mountain chauffeur, if necessary, in an over-driven car, the perfect accompaniment to moonlight and sunlight middle-aged megrims. He paid a peppercorn rent for one of the nicest rooms in the hotel; and drew a heavy "corkage" commission on all the best vintages—at which he joined the clientèle.

I knew what to expect from his attitude, but it was worse than I had imagined. Gold, gold hair. Blue, blue eyes with smeary blue greasy lids. Face lifted, perhaps? Forty-

seven? Massaged, dieted, and then the whole lot pushed into a Molyneux topped by an Aage Thaarup.

I said: "Mrs. Brown? My name is Avis Mackintosh. I am the manageress. I hope you had a pleasant voyage. We did not expect you until later."

Her voice sounded as if she had a tired old moth fluttering in her throat. "Thank you! Lovely! What a *sweet* place! Like something in a musical comedy, isn't it?—this hotel and everything!"

"I have reserved the Poinsettia suite for you, Mrs. Brown. The balcony looks right across the bay. I think you will like it."

"I am sure I shall love it. You're Scotch, aren't you? It's still very strong."

She sounded disappointed, almost angry, like a child who is given a bowl of Scotch oatmeal at a party.

"I'm sorry," I smiled.

What did they want, these rich old travelling women from cold-blooded Northern climes in search of passion and colour they would not know what to do with if they found? Gondoliers to bring their breakfast? Bandoleros to serve lunch. Tame toreadors for tea. White Army Russian commanders to talk to them at supper? Yes; and *more*! It was incredible!

The beautiful, lithe, panther walk of Serge Vinski had brought him almost beside us. I introduced them; and as I did so the indignant theme-song of three years against the proprietor of the hotel, who left everything in my hands except *this*, thrummed through my brain.

"They should have thrown him out! They should have thrown him out! If I'd had my way he'd never have camped here at all! Hotel attraction, my foot! He's an hotel pest! Playboy! Courtier! Courier! Public romanticist."

I introduced them. I knew I had put her in his coils just as surely as if I had seen them go round her physically.

I showed her her suite. "Delicious!" she said. She was right. Blue-and-silver bedroom, sitting-room and bathroom. But what a price! She looked across the blue hydrangeas on the balcony at the blue bay and sighed. I knew that already she sighed for the great shoulders and the oval, olive face of Serge Vinski.

"I will have tea sent up," I said gently. "If you will give me your passport I will deal with all formalities for you. It saves trouble."

(Continued on page 602)



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"ALWAYS SOMETHING  
NEW AT ASPREYS"



## SHE WAS STILL THE FOOLISH WIFE (Contd. from page 600)

When I got downstairs again and opened the passport I had a ghastly shock. That little woman was Medea Brown, widow of Thomas Brown, the only man I had ever cared for.

"Her name is as foolish as herself," he had said once. "That's why I can't let her go, dearest. Why I must stick by her. I can protect her against everything but herself."

So her foolishness had held him tighter than another woman's beauty or wit or motherhood could have held another man—and I had just delivered that foolishness in person to Serge Vinski, quite heartless, quite amoral, out for financial security and a rich wife. And *what* a deal she would get from him! What a deal!

I looked up to see Serge staring down at me from the top of my roll-top with insolent sloe-eyes.

"The Poinsettia suite!" he said. "You *might* have told me. I've waited three years for just this chance."

"Leave her alone," I said. "You can see she's a fool."

"Widow," he said. "I wonder if she has any children?"

"No," I said unguardedly.

"Good!" he laughed softly.

That night he dined at her table; and later he brought round his own car and drove her up the mountains. She wore a rose-pink, silver-flecked scarf round her face, and looked almost young and beautiful.

I was in my office when he drove her back. Her eyes were full of adolescent dreams she should have outgrown, a hang-over from youth. She had stood between me and happiness with the grandest human being I had ever met. Her fragile pretty foolishness and his protective chivalry and Scotch conscience had erected a barrier between us as impassable as death.

Vinski came into my bureau and stood smiling down at me. He must have been thirty-five, but his youth and his superb dark looks seemed impervious to time.

"I am marrying that one," he announced to me.

## II.

All my life I had only loved one man. He was the dead husband of the fool in the Poinsettia suite that romantic creature with the foolish wind-bell mind of an Edwardian schoolgirl. We had been desperate and passionate lovers, and we had both accepted a situation that his temperament, rather than actual circumstances, created.

He would not leave his wife because she was so feckless and undeveloped and foolish and so pretty. He had married her, caught by qualities at seventeen that had become a liability at thirty.

I suppose there was nothing odd in the situation between a husband and wife and the ideal mate he meets after twelve years of disillusioned marriage. It must have been enacted thousands of times before by decent human beings with their feet on the earth, fair morals, and few illusions.

What was so incredible and fantastically ironical was

that Alastair's wife should have come thousands and thousands of miles to enact the very fate he had always feared for her, under my very eyes, to fulfil the very destiny that her husband had foreseen and dreaded for her and sacrificed me, and himself, to spare her.

She had never heard of me. I had been private secretary to the head of a London firm with which Alastair Brown had been much involved at one time for several years, during which our exquisite, exciting personal relationship had flared up and been deliberately killed in his wife's service.

I had taken this foreign post, after a restless misery of trying to forget in various parts of the world. A year ago, Alastair had died. I had seen it in the papers.

Medea Brown was forty-six. I was forty. Yet I saw the years shale off her under my very eyes until, dancing in a pink Vionnet model in Serge Vinski's arms, she might almost have been the pretty pink-and-white Dresden doll Alastair Brown had married at seventeen.

I had sacrificed my happiness that she might not put her foolish, brainless, golden head in just such a noose as this.

I was nearly frantic. Alastair haunted me day and night. Was our sacrifice to be rendered null and void under my eyes? Was the wretched, paltry little drama of feminine vanity and idiocy to be played out with me as helpless spectator?

I knew it was useless to appeal to Serge; besides, he had an air of protective masculinity and assurance that I had never seen before. He radiated it.

Next morning I went to the Poinsettia suite. I looked worried and humble: the typical hotel manageress.

"Mrs. Brown," I said, "I expect you will think I am very impertinent—but was your late husband a very tall man with light-blue eyes and a very rugged face? And did he wear curious blue-grey tweeds in Scotland—almost what we called 'poilu blue' in the war?"

She looked scared. "Yes. Did you know him?"

"No," I said. "But sometimes I dream—and last night such a man came to me in my dreams and warned me for you."

"Against what?"

I looked stupid. "He thinks you are making some mistake," I said. "He told me to tell you. Please give me your word of honour not to repeat this. I should lose my job here."

She was very fluttered; but she assured me she would tell no one, and she had retained the adolescent school-girl code of honour; so I knew she would keep her word.

"I expect it was just a queer coincidence," she murmured unhappily.

She and Serge spent the day by the seashore. Medea came back a delicate golden-apricot colour from the sun. It made a curiously attractive background for the violent make-up she sometimes used.

(Continued on page xvi)



Lenare

## MISS GAY MARGESSON

The pretty daughter of Captain and Mrs. David Margesson, who is one of this year's débutantes and had a dance given for her and her sister Janet, at Claridge's, which was honoured by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Captain Margesson is Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and has been Government Whip since 1931. He is the Member for the Rugby Division and a fox-hunter.



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THE CLUB STAND AT  
SOUTHWELL 'CHASES

In front at the left are Lord and Lady Southampton; their "Tell Me Another" ran third in the last race. Behind them are Mr. and Mrs. P. H. A. Burke; she, as Miss Rosemary Sandars, was Master of the Southwold. Behind them are Mrs. Ranger and Mr. J. Seely and Captain and Miss Jackson. Mr. R. Lyall, "Grakle's" Grand National rider, is with his wife, Mrs. J. Seely, the Hon. Mrs. E. Greenall and Miss C. Paravicini. On the right are George Archibald, the jockey, and Mr. R. F. Wormald, who is a prominent G.R.

#### Donington.

At the time of writing, it seems certain that full teams of Mercedes and Auto-Union racing motor-cars will appear in the Donington Grand Prix on this Saturday, the 2nd October. In the past we have so often been disappointed when important entries of this kind have been promised that I shall remain in a state of agitated suspense until I see those cars actually on the line. If they come, it is certain that everybody who is in the least interested in (a) motor-racing, (b) engineering, (c) spectacle, (d) physical competence and courage, and (e) driving dexterity should move heaven and earth to be there. Moreover, there is matter for the consideration of the philosophical in these remarkable Grand Prix type cars, for they represent the ultimate limit of human motor-engineering endeavour, working within a framework of artificial regulation. The framework, in spite of M. Charles Faroux, is as wide as it can be made, and this is largely why it has produced such noteworthy results. It is ever true that the artist, although he must be confined within some sort of framework, profits by freedom. One of the greatest cartoonists of the present day, working for a London newspaper, achieves his effects partly because he is given the fullest possible scope to express himself.

There is the framework of the newspaper within which he must work, but apart from that he is given almost unlimited freedom. It is notorious that the more cartoonists are restricted and limited, the more lifeless their work.



Photos. : Howard Barrett  
MRS. E. M. HALAHAN LEADS  
IN "SANSPEAR"

Mrs. Halahan and her husband, Air Marshal Halahan, are well known with the Belvoir and the Blankney. "Sanspear," with Wright up, won the Lowdham Hurdle at Southwell



MR. AND MRS. KAYE DON WITH MRS. PHILIP PRESTON (CENTRE)  
Mr. Kaye Don is the famous racing motorist. He and his wife were snapped on a recent junketing with Mrs. Philip Preston, whose husband is reputed the best amateur photographer in London

regulations it seems to be regarded as admissible. For no club story was ever so futile, so boring, so illogical, so incoherent, so useless and so generally senseless as they are.

(Continued on page 606)

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

And so with this Grand Prix formula. It is based on weight, without tyres, of the motor-car, and it has few other restrictions. Consequently, the automobile artists had the necessary scope and responded nobly. This Mercedes, with its independently mounted wheels, its use of light alloys, its mechanical compactness, its perfect balance, must be regarded as one of the great artistic productions of the age. Nor does the Auto-Union fall behind it. This sixteen-cylinder car, with rear-mounted engine, is also a masterpiece. To see them in action on an English course has been the dream of enthusiasts ever since they first came out; and now it seems that the dream will come true. I shall expect the biggest crowd ever seen at a motoring event at Donington on Saturday.

#### Don't Dazzle.

On the day after Donington the anti-dazzle regulations come into force for all cars. (They are already in force for some.) They lay down, with an enormous mass of unnecessary verbiage, what is officially accepted as an anti-dazzle device. And it conforms to the devices which the manufacturers have invented and applied already. It can be either a device for dipping and switching the headlight beams, or for switching one or both out and substituting or leaving a dipped light. The regulations do not demand that the anti-dazzle device should be used, and one is legally entitled to go about dazzling everybody on the road, provided that one's car has the proper equipment.

This lacuna in the regulations is internal evidence of the futility of such regulations. For the thing that matters is the actual fact of dazzling. Yet it is a thing which the regulations themselves admit they cannot tackle. So they try and make themselves look important by long-winded meanderings about the mechanism of dazzling. It is an instance of digression which, if it occurred in somebody telling a story at the club, would be regarded as an indication of a softening brain. But in road



# This England . . .



(Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire)

LET us be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue — and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls — to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds.





**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 604

Alvis.

Mass production is a thing about whose humanitarian significance it is difficult to form an opinion. It is probably beneficial, for it brings prices down and sends earnings up without necessarily impairing quality. But it would be a ghastly thing if it were thought to be the only good, and if it were to be assumed that every successful motor car manufacturer ought to go in for mass production. It is, in fact, a keen pleasure to turn from the mass-produced car to the individually produced car and to know that there still lingers a large body of people in this country whose work is their interest and pleasure and who still do not regard work solely as a means of providing them with time and money to go to the cinema and listen to the wireless. Mr. T. G. John, of the Alvis company, when he introduced the new four-cylinder car at a little luncheon at the Savoy, made a good point when he drew attention to the lack of balance between road-making and car-making in this country.

It is, as he said, almost a social sin to pour cars out on to the roads while no serious attempt is made to increase the road space for them. Yet it remains true that mass producers of motor cars continue to exercise their ingenuity and their wonderful powers of organisation to increase output. "Aggressive" sales policy, coupled with ever-mounting production, is the policy of the moment. But it seems that the mass producer, if he intends to go on, will have to devote a good deal more energy to pushing for better and bigger roads. That will be as important to him as production. It is not that there is any precise point of saturation; but that as motor cars increase



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE CATHCART WALKER-HENEAGE AT KILLOCHAN CASTLE

Mr. George Cathcart Walker-Heneage is the Laird of Killochan, Carleton and Waterhead in Ayrshire and his father succeeded to the estates of his uncle the late Sir Reginald Cathcart, who was the 6th and last Baronet

in numbers and roads stay more or less as they are, motoring becomes less attractive. The new Alvis Four, however, is not concerned in this homily on road space and car numbers, because it is not intended ever to be a mass-produced vehicle. And its specification shows it to be well suited to modern conditions.

\* \* \*

80 m.p.h.

It is a car capable of nearly 80 m.p.h. and it is to be known as the "12/70," in direct descent from the famous 10/30, 12/50 and 12/60 cars. Here are some of the things that will appeal: short wheel-base, good steering lock, light controls, good outlook, good power/weight ratio, and what an Alvis man at the luncheon delightfully described as "marked eagerness in get-away from rest." I think that last phrase puts a great deal about the car's character in a few words. The gear-box is the four-speed synchromesh. The engine is of 1,842 c.c. capacity with a Treasury rating of 13.22 h.p. It has a detachable head, four-bearing crankshaft, aluminium alloy pistons, push-rod operated overhead valves with dual valve springs, coil ignition and single Solex carburettor. The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs front and rear and steering is of Marles design.

\* \* \*

**The New Fords.**

New car programmes are coming out thick and fast and among them recently has been the Ford programme. This contains a number of points of special interest and consequently I propose to delay dealing with it to a future article so that I may have plenty of room. The new 8 h.p. Ford and the improved "22" V-8 are the ones to which I shall devote special attention.

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● Right: A source of deep spiritual refreshment to pilgrims—the tomb of St. Moinuddin Chisti at Ajmer.



● Above: With trumpet and drum a merry nuptial party passes in picturesque array through a street in Bikaner State



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## Air Eddies—continued from p. 593

beginning to imagine that the ponderous come-and-go we see at the Royal Air Force Display falls into this category, whereas in fact it is not aerobatics at all, but merely going places in fast aeroplanes.

## Carburettors.

I had no chance of examining the Swiss and German machines at Hatfield, so I do not know how their inverted engine alimentation worked. There are various possible methods, from that employed some time ago in which small auxiliary petrol tanks were fitted to the wings, to a new kind of feed which has been introduced in France recently in which the carburettor gets its fuel and functions regularly, no matter what the attitude of the aeroplane. And here is an example of how aerobatics may minister to utility. For the fighting aeroplane of the future ought to have a fuel feed system which will function in all attitudes. In a fight of the future a pilot might urgently want to make use of his engine to pull him out or round, when his machine happened to be upside down. I do not say that aerobatics should be studied because they may lead to improvements in the military aeroplane; I think they ought to be studied, as an art is studied, for themselves. But one is always expected to show a commercial profit in everything nowadays, and the all-ways carburettor shows that aerobatics are not entirely without one.

## Flying-boat Badges.

To ignorant aviationists it is helpful to have, in a communication from Imperial Airways, an indication of the general significance of the badges given



SEEING THEM OFF TO GERMANY

Lady Deverell, her daughter, Mrs. Sanger, and Cadet Tribe at Hendon waving farewell to Field Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, the C.I.G.S., Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore and other officers when they left for the German manoeuvres in a Bristol Bomber, the latest R.A.F. troop carrier

to the Empire flying boats. We learn, for instance, that Calypso is an "awful goddess"; that "clouds love to rest on Cairngorm's rough breast" (but not when I'm travelling in her, I hope); that Julius Cæsar himself—no less—is the authority for saying that Centurion means centurion. Now I have expressed the opinion before, and I express it again now, that the selection of these names for the Empire flying boats was a pity. Their naming was a great opportunity and it has been thrown away. All this Heracles-hunting and Calypso-combing is remote from the actualities of 1937. We urgently need means for perpetuating the names of the great pilots of the past, and here was the chance. One of the Empire flying boats ought to have been called the "Kingsford-Smith," another the "Richard Alcock," and so on. I know that the initial letter link for the class would not then be possible; but is it really of much importance? Who cares whether all the aeroplanes of the same class have names beginning with the same letter? If some sort of make reference is needed, a reference letter could be added after the name. It should be remembered that the people of 1937 are unimpressed by the legendary past, but interested in the facts of the immediate past. Kingsford-Smith means something to everybody in flying. Calypso means very little. Personally I never met the girl.

As this page goes to press the news is published that Sir Hubert Wilkins, for whose safety fears were felt when communication from his seaplane in the Arctic ceased, has arrived in safety at Aklavik, in Canada. Sir Hubert Wilkins was engaged in a search for the missing Soviet Polar airmen, and made a landing on a remote lake.



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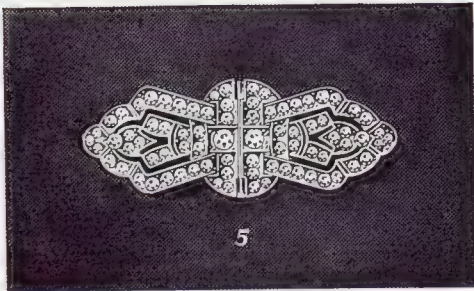
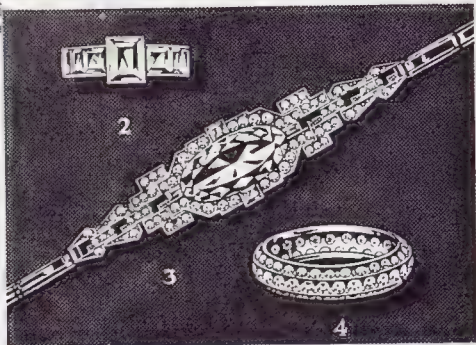
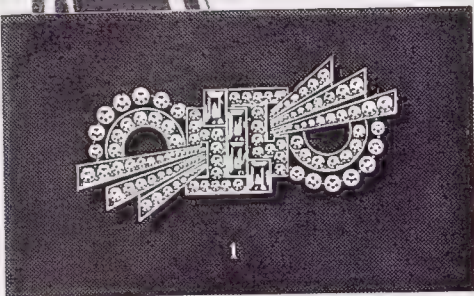
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# Fashion's Broadcast

By M.E. Brooke



FUR coats—those winter time signals—are always individual in the Bradley salons, Chepstow Place. They are noteworthy on account of the exclusiveness of the designs, the high quality of the skins, subtle cut and skilful workmanship. The Canadian mink coat on this page is an achievement in the art of working the skins, which are of the finest quality procurable, setting aside the usual treatment of straight up-and-down lines. It is endowed with an air of youth as well as luxury; the wondrous beauty of mink obviates the necessity of ornamentation. Especially well adapted is it for a wedding gift. As it is essential to think in terms of pounds, shillings and pence, it must be related that the cost is a thousand guineas; there are others for three hundred and one or two for fifteen hundred. Over three thousand pounds was the cost of two sable coats that were sold recently, each skin being a perfect "gem." It will be seen from the catalogue (sent gratis and post free) that Bradley excel in furs for every occasion, all the treatments being distinctive



## In Town

## To-Night

FASHION is in an unusually kindly mood. As a matter of fact, in some of the collections different ideas are introduced in every dress, it may be in line, trimming, material or the artistic alliance of colours. Fabrics are beautiful, while the cut is intricate. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have contributed the evening dress and white fox cape on this page. The fabricating medium is a silver and green lamé softened with a mist that creates the same atmosphere as the bloom on muscat grapes. Important features are the slanting neckline and the elongated draped hip, which has a slimming effect. A contrasting touch of colour is introduced by the flowers, and then the length of the skirt must be noticed

SOME hidden influence has undoubtedly been at work regarding colours, as they are treated in a totally new manner and as many as five or six are seen in a single frock and its attendant coat. Sometimes they are veiled, which imparts an additional glamour. In order to understand just what this means Harrods salons in Knightsbridge must be visited. It is there that the dress on the extreme right may be seen. This is carried out in pale gladioli foliage green chiffon; the sash, loosely knotted at the side, is of an elusive black dahlia shade harmonising with the flowers on the shoulder. Here are likewise displayed some altogether charming versions of the dresses with full sweeping skirts, neat coatees and bébé bodices

A DRESS that tilts up in front and has a spreading train inspired by a peacock's tail is among the novelties of the autumn. In Liberty's (Regent Street) collection there is an evening dress of regal magnificence with a skirt of this character and a neat, tight-fitting bodice. The fabricating medium is geranium red faille, which gives dignity and poise to the wearer. The simple dress on the left of the opposite page may be seen in this firm's salons; it is of silver white cloqué, not the material that was known by this name a few seasons ago, but something far more beautiful. The skirt falls to the ground in graceful folds, while the little hand-painted coat introduces the much-to-be-desired artistic and glorious riot of colour







# Hat News



THE new autumn hats are masterpieces of design, their founts of inspiration being exceedingly varied. They fit the head snugly at the back, while in front they are allowed to do as they please. There is the Welsh peasant's hat with its crown of velour and brim of patent leather, the model with the halo, the simple turban and others with the crown reminiscent of a sugar-loaf. Hats entirely composed of silver fox and other furs are well represented; they are perfectly ventilated and quite light in weight. Black berets have gay multi-coloured "headache" bandages in front, the ends of which are arranged in the form of a cascade at the back. The profile hat has evidently come to stay, and so has the Australian soldier's; individuality may be introduced in the latter by the feather

A REPRESENTATIVE collection of headgear is seen on this page, from which it may be seen that individuality, simple lines and original notes are all important, and that the veil has lost none of its charm. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are chaperoning the model on the extreme left, also the one inset. The ultra-high crown is a characteristic feature of the former; it is of black crêpe georgette trimmed with sequins and a veil so transparent that it only casts a bloom or mist over the face, never throwing unattractive shadows. The high line is noticeable in the felt hat with its bow of leopardskin. As a matter of fact, it is a new interpretation of the "profile," a strong point in its favour being that it does not reveal so much of the hair as its prototype. There are felt hats enriched with pompoms of silver fox, also the "masks"; this is a new and delightful departure



Pictures



# Summary

GAY WORLD AFFAIRS  
OF AUTUMN IMPORT



by Blake



UNUSUAL and glorious colours dominate the velour hats at Henry Heath's, 172, New Bond Street. Apparently Americans have come to the conclusion that they are unrivalled, as even during the dog-days the salons were thronged; they were not buying singly but were choosing several in order to have something different for every outfit. The felts are of exalted merit too, the colours being equally beautiful.

It must not be overlooked that this firm make a feature of town hats, two of which are illustrated on this page. The beret-cap is of marine blue velvet; it is cleverly draped, the double bow with its upstanding ends giving height unto the wearer. Inset is a velvet turban softened with a veil, which may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the prospective wearer.

FASHION looks with favour on fur, feathers and quills for the adornment of autumn hats; they are used extensively in the collection that Woollands, Knightsbridge, have assembled in their salons. Quills appear in unexpected places set at jaunty angles, more often than not piercing the crown or brim. Fur is seen on felt hats and is frequently dyed to match or strike a harmonious contrast. Ostrich feathers form the crowns of hats; they lie quite flat and are misted with chiffon, or else arranged on Directoire lines. Another conceit is to introduce a cluster beneath the brim on the left side. To this firm must be given the credit of the hats at the base of these pages. The *chef d'œuvre* on the left is of black felt, the whole gamut of rust and green shades being present in the feather. Black felt also makes the model on the right, relieved with ostrich fronds and veil.



# Tailors'



THERE are many variations on the coat theme; nevertheless, there are certain characteristics which are common to them all. There are the edge-to-edge hems, hairy materials, trimmings of fur and the neat stand-up collar, sometimes accompanied by one of fur. Nothing has made greater progress in the world of dress than knitwear, for the suits are endowed with a tailored aspect and an atmosphere of distinction. Jay's, Regent Street, have sponsored the suit on the left, which comes under the category of knitwear. The coat and skirt are of ebon hue; revers trimmed with fur are present in the former, while the "continuation" of the skirt, to which it is attached, is of a pale blue shade enriched with embroidery. Note the neat little "tie" belt. Some of the suits are trimmed with natural and silver fox, with little jackets suggestive of the Victorian era. The autumn brochure dedicated to knitwear is ready and will be sent on application; it shows that there is nothing smarter



THAT the coat is a passport to smartness is an undeniable fact, especially when it comes from the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street; it is there that the one above may be seen. This is of a new fabric known by the name of worsted angora. The cape effect trimmed with blue fox increases its charm and is noticeable in front only; the accepted long sleeve has not been discarded. Tweed coats are well represented in the beautiful shades of game bird plumage, also in moorland heather tints



# Commentary

RELAYED FROM FOUR  
POINTS OF VANTAGE



AMONG the autumn developments in coats is the almost Princess line, which is present in the model above from Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road. It is of one of those new woollen materials that has not yet been given a name, and is ornamented with fur. Here also are to be seen graceful swagger coats of soft velour cloth with an indefinite overcheck for sixty-nine shillings and sixpence, and for the same price there are belted ribbed velour cloth coats, smartly stitched



THE cape has a decided vogue and, as far as can be seen at present, need fear no handicap. The simple affair above comes from the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, and is carried out in a new tweed of an elusive lichen shade lined with a plaid of gay colours. Many of the coats are made of wool bouclé trimmed with Persian or Indian lamb, or dyed squirrel; they look particularly smart when the oblong collar extends to the waistline



# Selected On Sight

EVERY season Braemar sportswear becomes more attractive, and now it has beaten even its own high record in artistic colour schemes and in the fashioning of the suits and their companions. It is made by the well-known firm of Innes, Henderson, of Hawick, and is sold practically everywhere. Below is a Braemar cardigan coat and skirt in Botany jacquard wool; the latter has an inverted pleat in front. The jumper and scarf seen in conjunction with it are of pure cashmere. A cashmere jumper or twin set are among the luxuries and necessities of the winter. There is cashmere and cashmere, but the Braemar product spells perfection in every sense of the word, a great advantage



LUXURIOUS and practical with a flattering dyed opossum collar is the golden tweed coat above. It has gone into residence in the salons of Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh, where it is accompanied by an infinite variety of others; they are representative of the modes of to-morrow as well as to-day. Bell sleeves and stand-up collars also have their rôles to play. And now about the details of fashion. Hooded capes are making a tentative bid for favour and have muffs to match, which are filled with the beauty gadgets that are ever necessary. Mantilla headdresses, enriched with embroidery, accompany evening dresses; squares of net strewn with sequins are thrown over the hair and are held in position with a cluster of flowers or jewelled motif. Sequins are seen here, there and everywhere, as a matter of fact, from head to toes. Long tunics caught in at the waist with narrow belts have arrived, the accepted fabricating mediums being very beautiful brocades; the sleeves are tight-fitting and the necklines high. Draperies in the form of sashes spring from the bustline, pass beneath the arms and cascade down the back. These sashes may be manipulated to emphasise the good points of the figures and camouflage the less attractive. An attempt is being made to revive the high Medici collar on satin and other blouses; this accessory was beloved by Queen Elizabeth and Nell Gwynn





## "I want to start my Autumn face, Jane Seymour"

"When one's sunburn begins to fade, really it feels as dowdy as last year's fashions," said this girl who came to my Salon. "I feel I must get my skin clean and town-worthy before I can face my Autumn engagements. Can it be done?"

"Why certainly!" I said, "and quickly, too. What you need is a short course of my Bleaching Cream. It will banish all traces of shabby brown. But that's not all. Don't forget sunburn covers a multitude of sins! When you remove it, you'll find your skin badly in need of a little proper care."

"Yes," she said, "I've noticed that before; but what can one do?"

"Give it a nightly 'wash' with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic," I said. "Feed it with Vitamin Cream — and just watch how your poor parched

tissues drink it up. Then brace your circulation in the mornings with more refreshing Juniper."

"And just one thing more. Don't forget to change your make-up! Try Peach Dryskin Powder, with a foundation of Magnolia Petal Cream. It will give you such a delightfully sophisticated look."

Well, evidently I was a source of inspiration to her, for she popped in some weeks later on her way to a luncheon party, looking exquisitely fresh and soignée. "My Autumn face is being a great success," she said.

Now what about yours? Any good shop sells my preparations, and don't forget to ask for my book "Speaking Frankly"—or you can write direct to me for it: Jane Seymour Ltd. 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1 Mayfair 3712.



Trade Mark

# Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



# The Perfect Set

THERE is a definitely tailored aspect about the lingerie of to-day which extends to negligés and wrappers. The vogue for pyjamas is not quite so pronounced as it was a few seasons ago except for house and cocktail party wear. It is at Warings, Oxford Street, that the perfect set on the right may be seen; it consists of slip, nightdress and coatee. The satin slip, which may appropriately fulfil the mission of a Princess petticoat, has adaptable shoulder straps and a hem which can be arranged to suit day or evening dresses; this is naturally an immense advantage. Twenty-five shillings is the cost of the tailored washing satin nightdress; it cleverly silhouettes the figure, the collar being quilted. Endowed with an indelible cachet is the quilted velvet coat, which is available in many colours, the price being thirty-five shillings and ninepence



SOME of the nightdresses at Selfridge's, Oxford Street, are of so elaborate a character that they may take the place of negligés and are seen at their smartest when accompanied by a crushed velvet wrapper. The "redingote" has arrived in a fabric that suggests highly glazed chintz; in some instances it may be washed. So perfectly is it tailored that it resembles a house coat rather than a dressing-gown. There are also twin sets consisting of dressing-gown and pyjamas, or nightdress, carried out in lovely shades of crêpe de Chine, the dressing-gown being lined to match the trimming of its companion. It is Selfridge's who are responsible for the set at the base of this page. Crêpe de chiffon makes the nightdress; as will be seen, the neckline is high and finished with a neat frill, while the waistline is suggested; the cost is twenty-nine shillings and sixpence. It is safe to predict that it will be numbered among the successes of the season. Fancy crêpe, a new fabric, has been used for the wrapper, which is warm, light and interlined; the motifs of velvet in a contrasting shade increase its charm. It is worthy of a place in any trousseau, and of it one may become the possessor for seventy-nine shillings and sixpence







Shaw Wildman

When Autumn leaves

Meet winter half way in this wool dress and check jacket from our ready-to-wear department 11½ guineas

Fortnum and Mason

PICCADILLY LONDON REGENT 8040



## "She was still the Foolish Wife"—continued from p. 602

The next day I continued the only attack left to me.

I said: "Mrs. Brown, I dreamed of your late husband again."

She said: "I think I would rather *not* know."

Her blue eyes were popping. Her childish mind was terrified and disturbed.

"It's some man he's worried about," I said vaguely. "He said: 'Tell her the right one has not come yet for her.' Did you wear pale pink for your wedding dress?—and earrings of pale coral and a great bouquet of all shades of pink sweet peas?"

"Yes," she gasped. "It was so pretty."

"You see," I murmured. "He wanted to assure you this was no case of mistaken identity, Mrs. Brown. I just *have* to come to you, but you don't suppose I *like* having all my dreams disturbed, do you? And I would lose my job here if one single person knew I was annoying the guests with . . . with psychic things—I suppose this is that?"

She goggled up at me with her charming dolly face and her dolly mind and intellect that Alastair and I had sacrificed our life and love to preserve intact.

As she went to pieces she gained in charm. Some evanescent, wholly childish quality of helplessness came to the surface, of which even I could see the appeal to the masculine.

I was racked with anxiety in the days that followed. My fealty and my responsibility were to my dead lover who had been her



LORD LYTTON AND DAME LILIAN BAYLISS

At the first night of the revival of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, in which the heroine has to use a word that since then has become current coin. Diana Wynyard was an admirable Eliza Doolittle. Dame Lilian Bayliss' name of course spells Old Vic

husband and never mine. Was our mutual sacrifice on this woman's account to go for naught? Was I to see it rendered abortive and meaningless right before my eyes?

If I made her full of disquiet and secret terror I was hardly in better shape mentally and emotionally myself.

I lived with Alastair in my memory and my prayers as violently as I told his wife I lived with him in my dreams. Almost daily now I took her further "proofs" of my spiritual contact with Alastair. They were indisputable proof, too. Things he had told me. Things I knew. She was sporting. She had said she would not give me away to anyone. She did not tell Serge.

His concern for her obvious distress and distraction grew. They were eternally together. I saw a new Serge emerge, worried, protective towards something else. He was the Serge I had known for three years—opportunist, flaneur, raving egotist, amoral, introvert. What could this be but another act he was putting over?

I had no faith in Serge, and I *must* keep faith with Alastair, who had kept faith with his wife!!!

I had watched Serge with so many foolish females—prospecting delicately, and drawing back brusquely and brutally because the proposition was not good enough.

Obviously a strange and alien relationship to any I had seen was growing under my eyes between Alastair's widow and the adventurer and Russian squire of dames, Serge Vinski.

I was beside myself with anger for Alastair and anxiety for Alastair's foolish relic.

Serge and Medea Brown were out until

(Continued on p. xviii)

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youthful complexion, it does not merely doctor the surface of the skin, but is absorbed by the skin into the underlying muscles and tissues, stimulating the cells to continue their normal activity, by which they are continually renewed. This activity ensures youth. VITORMONE CREAM keeps age at bay.

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## "She was still the Foolish Wife"—continued from p. xvi

three in the morning in the brittle, silly little town, playing roulette and dancing and, I have no doubt, making love. I lay there wracked by jealousy and anguish for Alastair, who would have made the sacrifice of what he and I firmly believed to be a life's happiness for nothing if this woman married Serge Vinski.

I dug out some of his old letters, and by the time dawn came I was in a physical and mental fever.

At one stage in my relationship with him, perhaps as a goad to make him ask his wife for a divorce, perhaps in sheer defensive misery, I had actually contemplated marriage with a Scotch dentist.

I found Alastair's letter to me.

"You must not marry this man, my darling," he wrote. "If you do your whole life will be ruined—for I SHALL be with you. It is my love you will warm yourself with in the secret of your heart. I shall never leave you."

The other side of the paper was blank.

I cut off the rest of the letter and isolated that.

In the early dawn I took it in to Medea Brown.

"Is this your husband's handwriting?" I said hazily.

She stared and said it was.

"He had *most* peculiar handwriting," she whispered hoarsely.

I gave it to her to read. I left it with her.



MRS. FRANCIS EAGLAND COLES

Speaight

The marriage of the former Miss Moira Maclean to Mr. Francis Coles on Sept. 18 was a rowing union if ever there were one. The bride is a grand-daughter of the late Mr. Lachlan Maclean, the well-known London R.C. man. She herself has won punting championships at Egham, Novices and Open, and Mr. Coles has rowed in a winning Thames R.C. eight at Henley and has been runner-up two years in succession for the Wingfield Sculls

That afternoon Serge Vinski came into my bureau.

He stood looking down at me. He was solemn, protective, moved. The man's whole personality seemed to have undergone some terrific transformation.

"Medea Brown and I were married at the English Consulate this afternoon," he said. "The poor little woman needs someone to look after her. Her nerves are in pieces." A smile of extraordinary tenderness touched his handsome face.

"Ygs. I know what you are thinking, but you are wrong! I know you've a poor opinion of me, but I'd die sooner than let Medea down—she's so childish and somehow helpless. She is scared about something to do with her late husband, won't tell me what—haunting or something. Some fool has been frightening the poor little thing. She's as easy to frighten as a baby. Says he'll visit us to-night or something. Well—that bogey will be laid by to-morrow morning!"

He laughed richly, confidently.

He was twice the man he had been, twice the genuine human being.

Through the glass doors of my office I could see Medea Vinski looking for her new husband.

I realised suddenly how pretty she was; and frail and helpless-looking.

I saw the look in Serge Vinski's eyes as he watched her.

It was a look of protective passionate affection and tenderness, the look of a man who had found his vital reason for living.

"God!" he said. "I'd *kill* anyone who hurt or frightened Medea. She's *such* a little fool, bless her!"

## Ladies' Day THURSDAY, OCT. 14

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Surrey, and Pamela Mary, only child of Brig-General H. P. Shekleton, C.B., C.M.G., of Clifton Crescent, Folkestone; Mr. P. Legge, Royal Artillery, younger son of Brig-General W. K. Legge, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Legge, of Camber, Rye, and Claire, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dwyer, Elmville, Rushbrooke, County Cork; Mr. D. H. Dumbell, Royal Artillery, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Dumbell, D.S.O., and Mrs. Dumbell, The Cairns, Petworth, Sussex, and Bridget, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Bruce Trinder, Littleton, Reigate Heath; Lieutenant E. K. U. Clark, M.V.O., R.N., only son of Mr. E. G. Uring Clark, of Rulewater, Kingsley Green, near Haslemere, and the late Mrs. Uring Clark, and Margaret Lorna Fernie, younger daughter of Sir

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

### Marrying To-day.

Mr. Julian Tennyson and Miss Yvonne le Cornu will be married at Chelsea Old Church to-day, and another London wedding is that of Mr. S. Jackson, of Oxford Gardens, W.10, who is marrying Miss N. M. Leeming, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leeming, of Cheltenham.

### Recent Engagements.

Mr. C. G. Rickett, youngest son of A. Norman and the Hon. Mrs. Rickett, of Kingswood Manor, Lower Kingswood,



MR. AND MRS. G. L. MACNAGHTEN

Who were married recently at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Mrs. Macnaghten was formerly Miss H. M. Castle, younger daughter of Mr. T. A. M. Castle and the late Mrs. Castle. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Macnaghten

Charles and the late Lady Bell, of Edgcombe, Crowthorne, Berks; Mr. W. H. Dunlop, younger son of Colonel T. C. Dunlop, T.D., D.L., A.D.C., and Mrs. Dunlop, and Inez, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Graham Young, of Ayrshire; Lieutenant G. V. W. Harrison, son of the late Mr. T. M. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, of Chalfont St. Giles, and May, only daughter of Sir Reginald Blair, M.P., of Hermits Wood, Chalfont St. Giles; Captain J. T. Gough, Royal Tank Corps, youngest son of the late Mr. H. Gough, formerly of Hyderabad State, India, and of Mrs. Gough, of Estoril, Portugal, and Anne Carden, of Gosmore End, Hitchin, only child of the late Admiral Sir Sackville Carden, K.C.M.G., and the late Lady Carden; Mr. B. Gaythorne Young, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gaythorne Young, of Manor Court, Grange Road, Cambridge, and Mary Gwenda, only daughter of Sir John T. Davies, K.C.B., and Lady Davies, of Cartref, Linnell Drive, N.W.11; Mr. P. G. Hobbs, Royal Horse Artillery, son of Brig-General R. F. A. and Mrs. Hobbs, and Sylvia, daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Evans; Mr. G. Peddie, Royal Artillery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Peddie, of Ladywell, Great Hallingbury, and Dorothy Mary, eldest daughter of Captain H. T. Humfress, O.B.E., and Mrs. Humfress.



Hay Wrightson  
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The eldest daughter of the late H. F. Luttrell, M.P., and of Mrs. F. Luttrell, whose engagement is announced to Lieut.-Commander P. Reid, son of the late Sir Arthur Reid, and Lady Reid, of Tedworth Square, S.W.

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SHIH TZUS

The property of Miss Hutchins

The Show season begins again with the Scottish K.C. Show which takes place in Edinburgh the day these notes appear. This is followed on October 6 and 7 by the K.C. Show at Olympia. These two shows are the real start of another season. The next big show is Birmingham on November 17 and 18. This year the venue of Birmingham has been changed and it is at Castle Bromwich, Bingley Hall having become too small for the entry they receive. One hopes the change will not affect the evening gate. Show-goers to Birmingham will miss Mr. Wilmot's kind and genial presence and feel that without him and Sir Walter Evans Birmingham will never be quite the same again, but in Miss Edwards the Show has a supreme asset. This question of space is becoming a serious one; shows have so increased in size that what used to be big enough is not nearly so now. This is the real reason why all county towns have to have their shows in the summer. Often the winter would be far more suitable, but there is no place large enough for a show.

The Cairn Terrier maintains his place as one of the most popular breeds. Both as companion and as show dog he deserves this; he is very affectionate, devoted to his owner and quite happy and contented either in town or country. He is also hardy and long-lived. Miss Bunbury owns a celebrated kennel of Cairns: she sends a picture of one, which shows what a good type her Cairns are. She has at present a lot of puppies of all ages for sale, also two young bitches, which will be sold very cheaply to good homes. These two would be given a free service to a winning dog if desired.



CAIRN TERRIER

The property of Miss Bunbury

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

One of the most famous kennels of Pekinese is that owned by Mrs. Ashton-Cross. From the first start of Pekinese the "Alderbourne" dogs made their mark. They are distinguished by their beautiful coats and fearless dispositions, and are brought up to go anywhere and are never nervous. She sends a photograph of some puppies which are for sale. They can be seen either at home in Buckinghamshire or at the shop in Lansdowne Place, where other breeds of dogs can be procured and where dogs are groomed and their toilettes attended to.

Though the Shih Tzu is comparatively a newcomer to this country, it has become at once a success. Shih Tzus are most attractive little dogs, full of character as all mountain dogs are. Though they come from Pekin, their original home was Thibet. They are very sporting, not at all "pet dogs," and extremely hardy. Miss Hutchins has a kennel of these dogs in Ireland and has done very well with them. She has one or two for sale at present and sends a photograph of them. She will be at the Kennel Club Show at Olympia, when the dogs will be on view, or could arrange for them to be seen in London. Shih Tzus are rather a "coming" breed and appeal to anyone wanting novelty combined with brains. They are most attractive in appearance, being just like the Dresden China dogs one sees, and full of intelligence.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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The property of Mrs. Ashton-Cross



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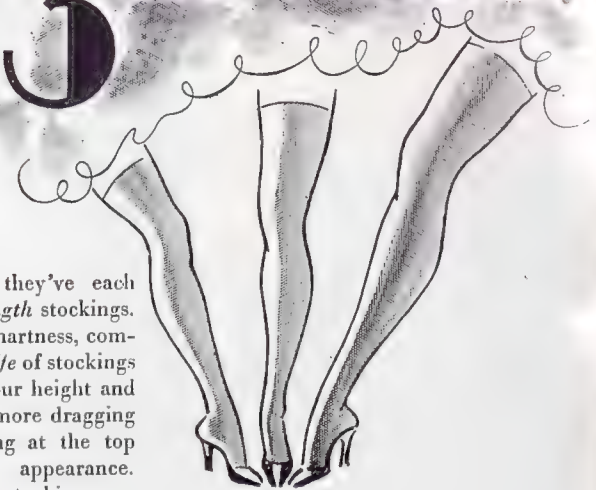
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Autumn  
Collection

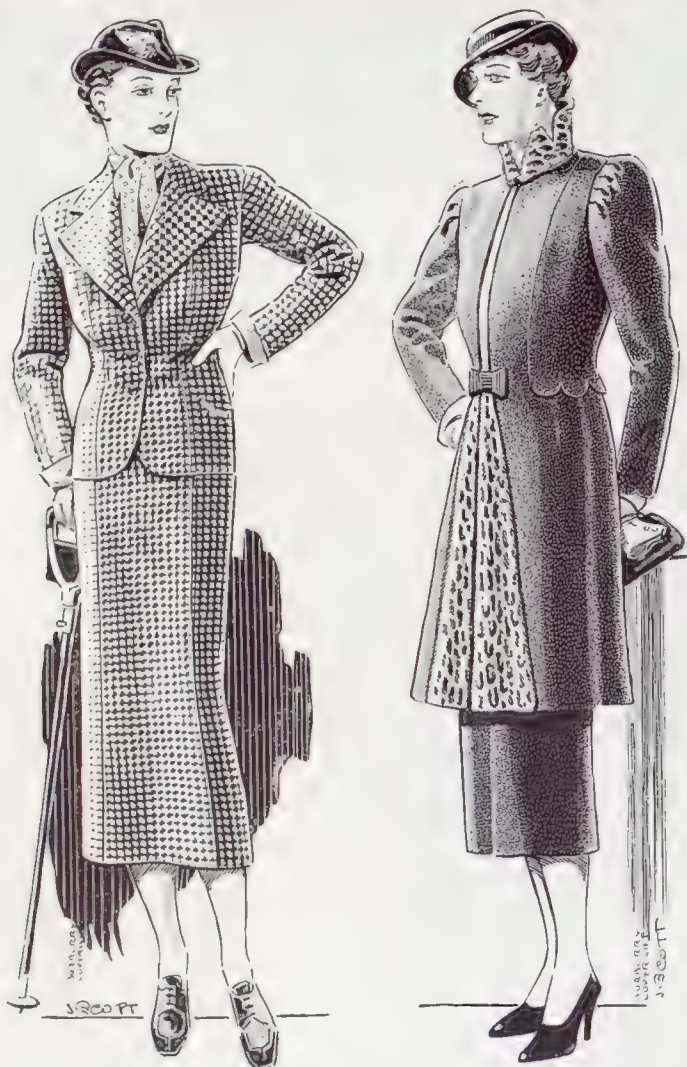


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## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 596



## BURBERRY COSTUMES

Tailored dress designs by Burberrys lead the fashions. Every season their models are looked for by those who appreciate the new and excellently well-designed.

The present winter models display that touch of distinction and character that appeals to ladies who study dress. These may be seen in the Haymarket showrooms or a book of illustrations will be posted if desired together with patterns which will include many suitings of delightful colourings quite new as are also the patterns and exclusively Burberry.

Those ladies who like to have costumes that are distinctive with a charm that appeals will find them here. Or they may get the head designer to design costumes expressly for themselves. The chief designer is English and proud of it.

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All those who saw her play at Wimbledon as Miss Heine, half a dozen years ago, will carry in their memory a charming picture of her grace allied to power on court. She is that remarkable phenomenon; a first-class player, whose weapons do not grow rusty when her racquets have to be kept in the press for eleven months in the year. For that is what happens now. Mrs. Miller is the wife of a farmer and far too busy over things that really matter to give up her valuable time and energy to winning tennis championships. But she makes one exception each year for sentiment's sake. Leaving her farm she descends to civilisation again, and without a single game's practice walks on to court and proceeds to wipe all her opponents off it one by one. And there are some very good women players in South Africa at the present moment, let me assure you. So what an amazing player Mrs. Miller must be!

In fact, her unique performance gives one furiously to think. It makes one wonder whether the real reason why so many of our players get so far and no farther, is that they play too much and don't realise how stale they have become simply because for three-quarters of the year they are usually playing each other. It will be amusing to watch their reactions to Mrs. Miller's return next spring. But then it will be too late for them to profit from her wisdom. Another season will be in full swing and the damage will be done. Instead of hibernating through the winter and for exercise's sake taking up some other game in a lighthearted spirit, like badminton or golf or lacrosse, they will have been lured by the free invitations from tournament secretaries in the south of France, and even farther afield, to put aside their good resolutions about having three months' rest at least from the game and barter their championship aspirations for a mess of potted sunshine. I know it will all happen over again this winter as last winter and the winter before. I know when I open my paper as soon as Christmas is over I shall see that Miss So and So and Mr. X, Y and Z have arrived at Monte Carlo in time to take part in the first of the winter tournaments. I know that there will be plenty of pictures of them sitting in tennis clothes overlooking the bay from the Sporting Club, and I know that I shall be envying them a life which seems to rabbits like myself one long holiday.

And yet it isn't the fact that they play so well and I play so badly that forces me to make this one final plea for a close season where lawn tennis is concerned. I have written about it before and I dare say I shall write about it again, because I am quite certain that the reason why none of our leading men and women ever reach that small isolated fortress where reign the tennis gods and goddesses, is that the majority of them lack the self-discipline and the vision to refuse these free gifts of eternal sunshine, fêting and being generally treated like film stars—and even British film stars, as Miss Amelia Neagle's public life proves, have a whale of a good time these days.

But Miss Neagle thoroughly deserves her triumph in *Victoria The Great* because she has worked and worked and worked and never allowed the social side of life to intrude on her rising career. That always came first. Whereas with so many tennis players their chief concern is: if they go to this tournament or that, will it be fun, will everything be paid for by some obliging master of ceremonies, will there be amusing parties in the evenings?

Well, I don't grudge them a round-up week at Gleneagles. That would be too much of a dog-in-the-manger attitude, since at this moment I am enjoying myself so enormously. But then I have no Centre Court aspirations. But being an ardent and devoted disciple of the game itself I do not mind confessing how sad I am to think that next year, now that both Perry and Dorothy Round have passed on their way, and Austin retired from the Davis Cup, the outlook for this country will be simply to provide a background, and a succession of sparring partners for the visitors from over the sea.

Still, I suppose there is some consolation in remembering that just as Wimbledon itself this year attracted record crowds and was as cosmopolitan as ever in its players' personnel, so when next June comes round once more, there will be the same excitement, the same alarms and excursions, the same sporting enthusiasm over the crowning of the champions.

So let us conclude on a note of expectation, rather than one of depression. But there is one expectation that even the most optimistic of us should not employ as a hot-water bottle during the cold months ahead. And that expectation is to imagine that the L.T.A. will reform itself, will get rid of its more aged and its more prejudiced members and create a young advisory committee who are still taking an active part in the game and really know something about current form. Or that, best of all, some women coaches and advisers will be appointed, like Mrs. Godfree, Mrs. Larcombe and Mrs. Lambert Chambers to spend the winter in planning and constructing a Wightman Cup team that will not suffer the same dire fate as the one we sent to America.

Alas, can pigs fly? It isn't a question of believing in fairies. Most people do that nowadays. But the L.T.A. is not that sort of body. Perhaps for the future of the game it would be better if it were. But I must conclude this series of my articles before I find myself getting involved in a dissertation on metabolism!



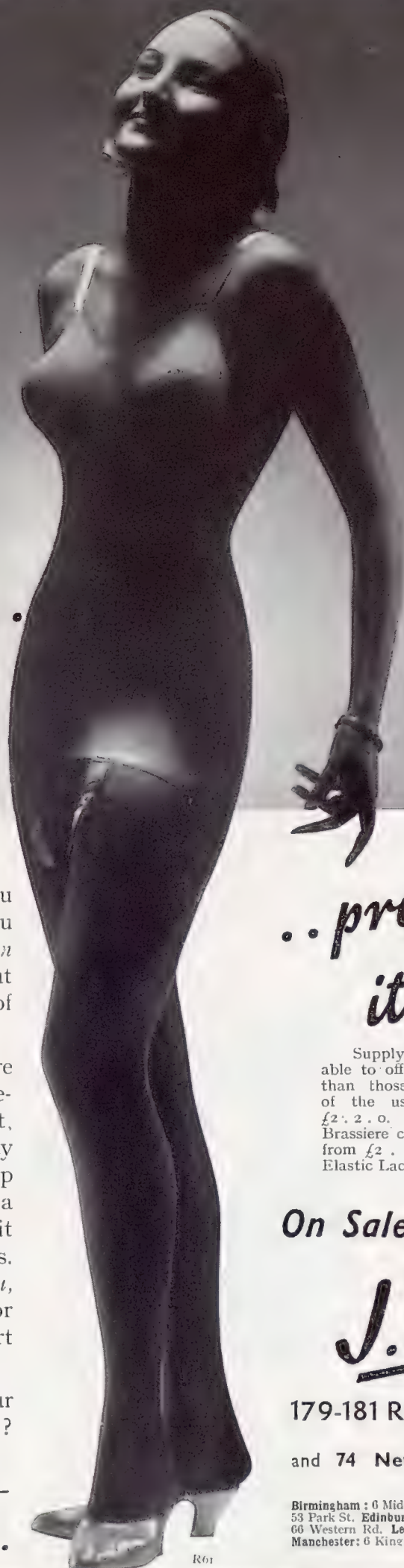
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(Two Minutes from The Marble Arch).

**Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 591**

IT is very good news to me, and I think it may be to many people, to learn that Lt. Commander and Mrs. Younghusband have at last decided to collect all the very charming verse that they have written into a book, and, though the entire collection is not yet ready for submission to a publisher, I suggest that he will be a lucky one who gets the book eventually. Judge for yourselves from this specimen:

Fat and flobbering puppy, playing with your ball  
Scampering up the staircase, dashing down the hall,

Tearing up the carpets, eating wool and coal,  
Picking choicest flower-bed to dig your largest hole;

Obstreperous young devil, won't leave folk alone,  
Irritating father, stealing mother's bone.

Chewing master's slippers, muddying the floor,  
Tripping up the servants, scratching at the door.

Whichever side we put you, whether out or in,  
You're always on the wrong side, you golden lump of sin.

Concentrated mischief, stranger to all fear,  
Sound, straight-fronted, sturdy, with a rather doubtful ear;

Will you grow into a flyer, and make a champion yet,  
Or be "only a companion" (though mentioned in Debrett)?

Will you follow father's footsteps, and mother's great career,  
Or take after Aunt Jemima, who was "wrong" (but *such* a dear)?

Little wistful angel, with the liquid eyes,  
Why did Nature make you so contrariwise?

\* \* \*

Miss Irene Hubbard, who wrote on the subject of animal destruction by cyanogen as being preferable to having them killed by hounds, has sent me this further letter:

"Let me acknowledge the courteous and sympathetic tone of your letter upon hunting. With regard to Lady Kitty Ritson's rejoinder, I should like to make just one comment, which is, that if death by cyano gas were a terrible one, it would not have been sanctioned by R.S.P.C.A. inspectors as a humane method of destruction for unwanted animals."



A 350 LB. TUNNY AT SCARBOROUGH

Mr. J. Berry Haycraft, of Cardiff (right), collected this nice sizeable fish off Scarborough quite recently. On the left of the fish is Mr. H. J. Harty, the Hon. Sec. of the British Tunny Club

I like to hear everybody's ideas. I do not think that unless you have an animal in a lethal chamber, or other confined space, that you can gamble upon cyanogen gas, or any other gas, getting at it as quickly as is desirable. Fox-earths, for instance, are often pretty deep, and a partial whiff will not do the trick—merely poison the animal and prolong the agony. The result is a rather painful end. People who were gassed in the war did not die at once—poor devils. We all know of the dreadful lung cases which have lingered on, and still do. I am all for painless and sudden death, if procurable. I think euthanasia in cancer cases ought to be legalised.

You do not feel things at the violent moment—a broken bone never hurts till you cool down—but then, "Oh, my aunt!" So as I believe that hounds kill a fox instantaneously—and that only about half a fox in ten of the foxes hunted are killed—I think that that is more merciful.

In one country of which I know the farmers shot 180 foxes in one covert and did not kill them all. Hounds do not make any mistake. I admit readily that all sport is more rather than less cruel—but how are you to defeat Dame Nature?



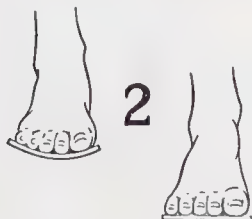
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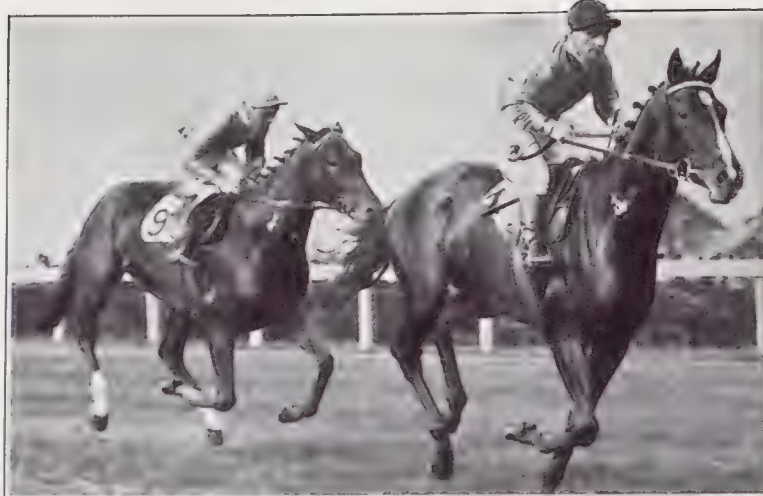


## Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for £13 to make life easier for an elderly gentlewoman. Brought up in a comfortable country home, she devoted her early womanhood to nursing an invalid mother, who died at an advanced age. Later she moved to an East of England town where, in spite of recurrent ill-health, she plays a large part in the charitable activities of the neighbourhood. Until last year her brother (a Bishop) gave her a small allowance, but his death deprived her of this necessary help. If we can give her 5s. weekly life would be a little easier for her again. Please send gifts.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week that successful play *Judgment Day*, by Elmer Rice, is being presented, with the company and production from the Phoenix Theatre.

Next week, commencing October 4, Robert Speaight in *Murder in the Cathedral* will be presented at



"GORDON" AT GATWICK ON A WINNER

The race was the Crawler Nursery Handicap, and Gordon Richards on Mr. G. F. X. Hartigan's Pappageno II won it by a length and a half from Miss Dorothy Paget's Fairyland with P. Maher up. Although the photographer describes the picture as "Pappageno winning," appearances seem to suggest that the post was already some way behind

this theatre, with the company and production from the Duchess Theatre, and week commencing October 11 *Anthony and Anna*, with the company and production from the Whitehall Theatre after its long run there.

It was stated in our issue of September 15 that Ingestre, the Staffordshire seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was of "no great antiquity." The facts, we learn, are that though the house was burned down in 1882 it was rebuilt from the old bricks, which date back to 1601. Some of the cellars date from A.D. 1333. We regret that we were led into error by the fact of the fire.

Just before Mr. Claude Langdon left for the Continent to complete arrangements for his forthcoming seasons of ice ballet in London, he said that managerial intentions at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden have been mysterious for some weeks past. It had been announced that the Russian Ballet would run until the second week in October, but Mr. Bruce Ottley, though bound to secrecy, made a published statement that the tenancy was fully booked for many months to come. What had actually been happening was that for two years English artistes were training under distinguished ballet masters with the object of appearing at the Royal Opera House in an entirely new form of art. Artistes have been secured from all parts of the world in order to make this Covent Garden *première* an occasion worthy in all respects of a theatre of international repute. A long lease of the Opera House has been obtained for the purpose of presenting there, season after season, on a novel plan, real ice ballets, more splendid even than those which have been taking certain big provincial towns by storm during the past two years. Mr. Langdon added: "I would like to make it clear, on behalf of the syndicate which approached me to bring the Covent Garden ice ballet company together, that the entertainment now in production is in no way a copy of the Russian Ballet, for ice skating ballet has a technique all its own. My syndicate, before embarking on this venture, turned down many offers by London managements, for the reason that they merely wanted a series of skating exhibitions, whereas our ambition was to develop and present a much higher form of artistic expression. Our opening season there will begin about the third week in October. *Marina* is not the show we are preparing for this occasion; it is a new and specially devised ice ballet—to be followed by other original ballets which have never been performed on stage or ice. These works are composed by men who have specialised for many years in the art of ballet and ice ballet work. We shall have a full symphony orchestra; the music lovers, I am sure, will be delighted to find that first-class music is the natural accompaniment of what, I repeat, is an absolutely new form of art."

Said O'Reilly to McNab, which starts this week at the New Gallery Cinema, will be supported by *The League of Frightened Men*, starring Walter Connolly with Lionel Stander, Eduardo Ciannelli and Irene Hervey. Connolly takes the part of Nervo Wolf, a well-known detective of fiction, in an exciting story about a group of former college students who go in great fear of one of themselves who is accidentally crippled in a rag, and whom they believe to be planning to murder them.

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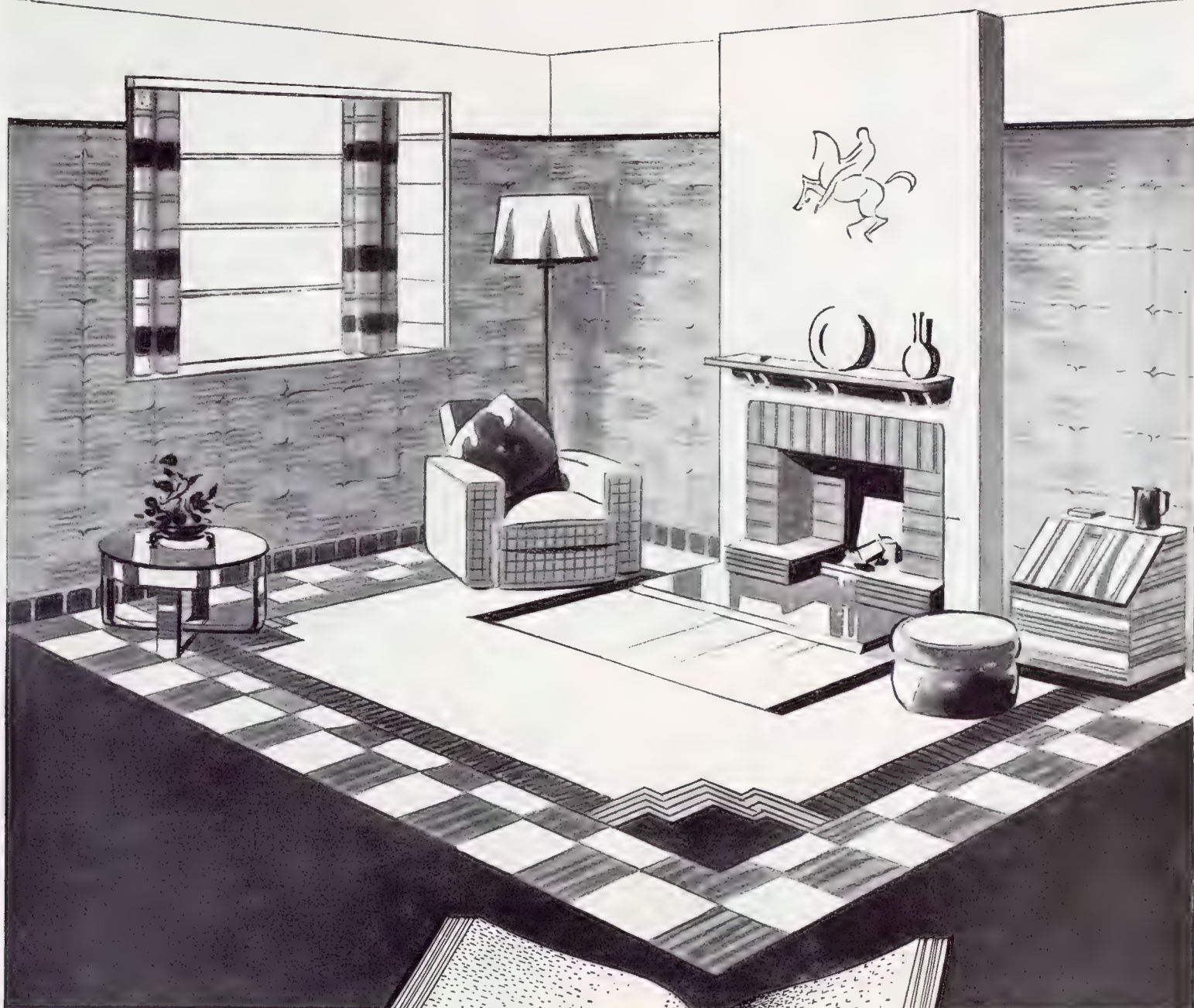
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AND ANOTHER OF STANLEY LUPINO  
AND LEO FRANKLYN



TEA FOR TWO: MOLLIE FISHER  
AND LEO FRANKLYN

Stanley Lupino's new musical show at the Shaftesbury is by himself with himself as the centre-piece and, as originally designed, with his famous sparring partner, Laddie Cliff, co-operating. Laddie Cliff being ill, to everyone's regret, his place had to be taken by Leo Franklyn, who proves a highly efficient substitute in this farrago of good nonsense all about nothing in particular. On the spindle side they have the attractive Mollie Fisher, who enters into all the fun with gusto, and Gloria Day of the twinkling feet, who dances superbly well



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Some of the gay party which Lupe Velez, in private life the wife of Tarzan (Johnny Weismuller), invited to meet Wing-Commander Sir Louis and Lady Greig, who, naturally, could not leave the States without visiting the celluloid capital of the world. Sir Louis Greig, as most people know, was Comptroller to His Majesty, then Duke of York, from 1917 to 1923, and is now on the Stock Exchange. He had the distinction of playing in the Doubles at Wimbledon with the then Duke of York. It was the only time that a member of the Royal House has ever appeared in that tournament. Hollywood seems to have taken permanent possession of Mr. Ian Hunter, one of our very best actors, and America's gain is our loss.



## ROADHOUSE NIGHTS

The pool is warm and the night air is chilly, but she's in no hurry to take the plunge. A girl can stand quite a lot of exposure when she's got the right kind of figure. Even exposure to floodlights of several thousand candle-power — or should one say watts?

You must admit that slender outline is easy on the eye. And

so it ought to be, for she drinks hardly anything but gin and Rose's. You can stay slim and stay out late if you stick to the right kind of lime juice. And there's one other thing she knows about Rose's. You can rely on it to neutralize anything which might, by any stretch of the imagination, be described as a morning after.

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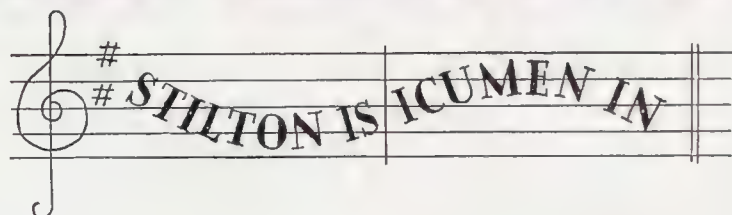
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## A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 591

been soundly abused in their time, but there is no real doubt that they are a valuable pair, and Richmond will be lucky if they can find adequate men to replace them.

So far the back division, where everybody is glad to see that sturdy wing, W. A. H. Chapman, is still very much in the making, and appearances point to the pack as likely to be the main strength of the side. That energetic forward, J. Megaw, is captain, and so the pack will lack nothing in the way of vigorous leadership. D. E. Teden, of the Old Tauntonians, is a player who made something of a name for himself last season, and he will be watched with a good deal of interest. E. A. Styles and R. G. P. Almond have also rendered excellent service, and C. D. Laborde did much good work for Cambridge. There should be no difficulty in getting together a really sound pack, perhaps even better than those of the last few years. Vigour there has been in plenty for a long time, but brains have not always been apparent.

The departure of John Daniell for foreign climes

has robbed Rugby for the time being of one of its most popular personalities. The Selection Committee will hardly seem itself without his terse comments and pungent criticisms, though even his victims know that his bark is worse than his bite. He has been

tireless in his endeavours to obtain the best side available for England, and during the last few years he has increased his labours by undertaking the duties of chairman. We have been fortunate in obtaining as his successor Mr. E. Coley, the well-known Northampton forward and England cap. I understand that Mr. Prentice now resides in London, so that the vacant seat on the committee has quite rightly gone to the Midlands. There are no doubt many people, especially in the northern counties, who hold that they are hardly sufficiently represented, but it is difficult to see what better arrangements could be made, and, after all, Bob Oakes is a tower of strength in himself. Now that John Daniell has gone off the committee the West Country might also complain of a lack of representation, though I do not think that John was ever unduly influenced in favour of a West Countryman.



THE BANQUET TO SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, WORLD RECORD-HOLDER

Sir Malcolm Campbell has set up so many records by now that it must almost seem routine to him to knock down the previous best performance. The occasion pictured was something out of the ordinary, however, since his two successive records for speed on water, attaining 129.5 m.p.h., were obtained by definite advance in design, namely, higher speed for less power than that employed by Commodore Gar-Wood. In the picture are: Lord Elibank, Sir Maurice Jenks (at back), Lord Decies, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Mr. F. L. Harley, and the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth

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disinterested advice, one finds these articles not only stimulating and instructive but full of good ideas for one's next week-end or vacation. This is because Mr. Courtenay has no axes to grind or grievances to air and because, like a good mason, he takes real pleasure in fitting the stones in the mortar. The goodwill of its visitors is the mortar of an hotel. Mr. Ashley Courtenay holds the plumb-line of appreciation.

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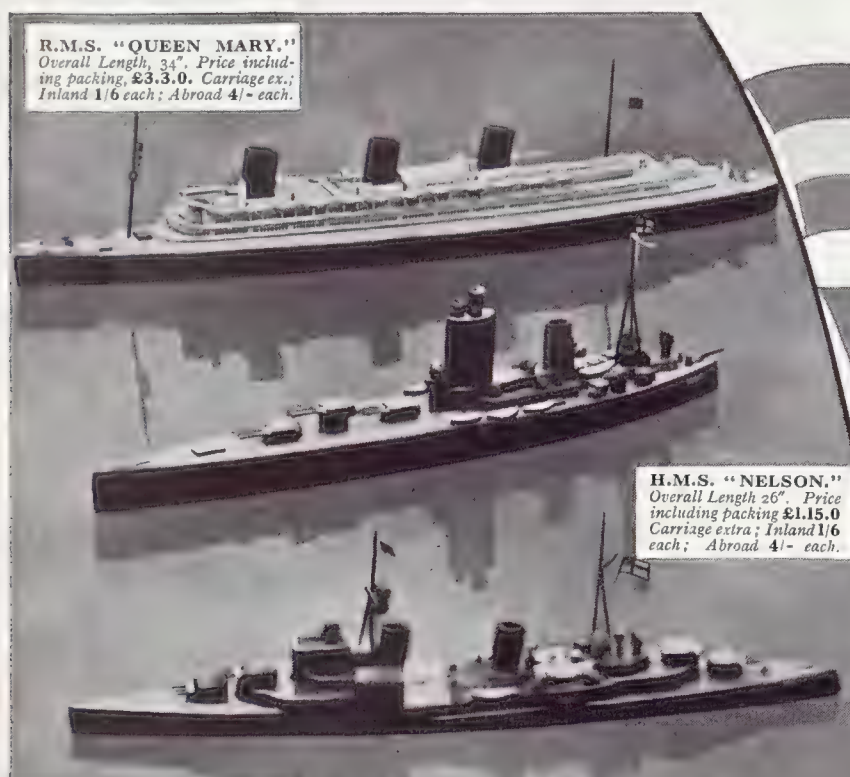
## SCENT of GARDENIA

and other trails to follow

## Autumn Forecast.

Fashions that will be worn by those who have a reputation to maintain for being well dressed were shown at Bradley's fashion parades in Chepstow Place. Although the thermometer reading was well over seventy degrees nearly two thousand guests attended each day, eager to see the models designed for the coming months. Luxurious furs for day and evening are beautifully worked; one coat, sweeping to the ankles, is made entirely of silver foxes, while a wrap of wine-coloured velvet has a "train" of the same skins. Over seven hundred models were shown, including many charming evening frocks; one in multi-coloured shot taffeta has a wide, flowing skirt and huge puff sleeves striped like a rainbow. The long skirt for evening has de-

finately prevailed in these salons, although some dresses are slit up in front; a lower waistline is often suggested by skilful draping. Coats of many different lengths are seen, some slim-fitting, others full and flaring from a shoulder yoke. Satin blouses, finely worked with pin-tucks and embroidery, would be delightful for bridge afternoons; they are shown with day-length velvet skirts, usually in black



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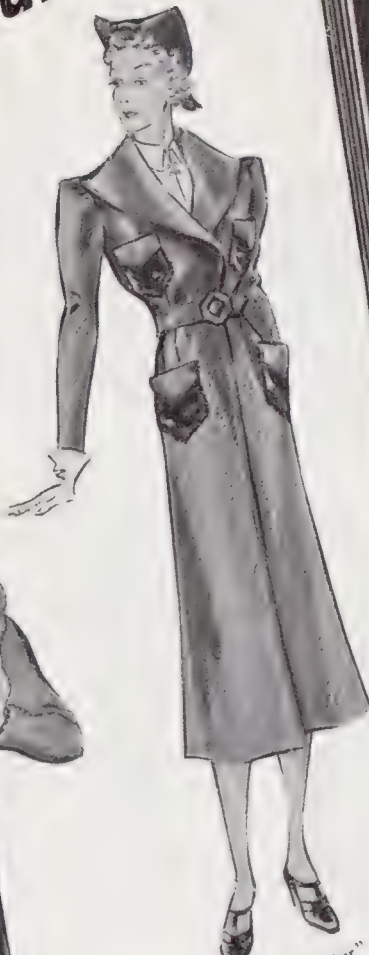
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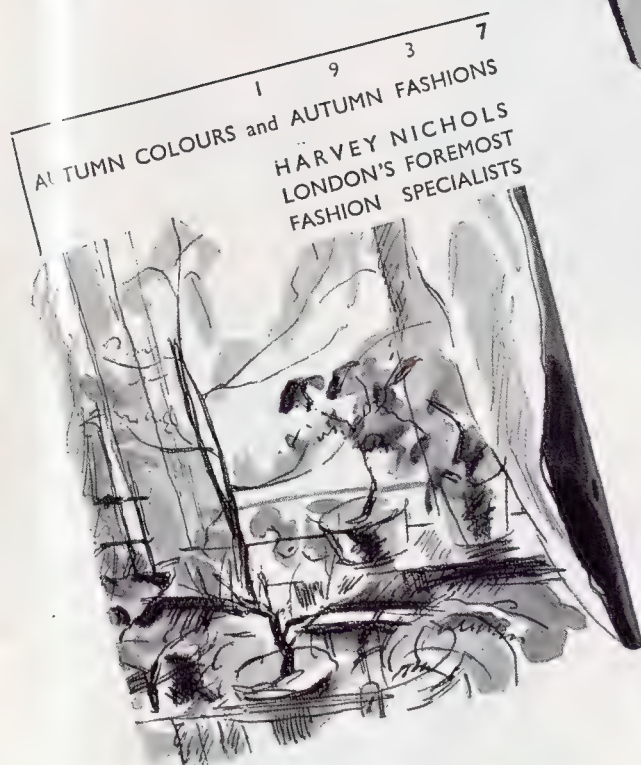
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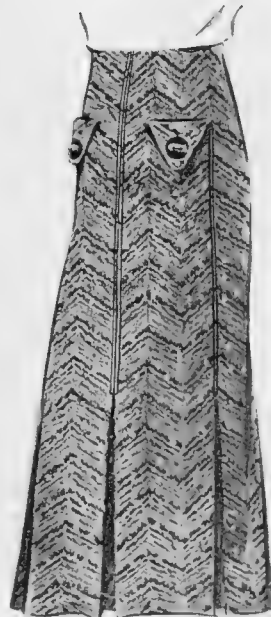
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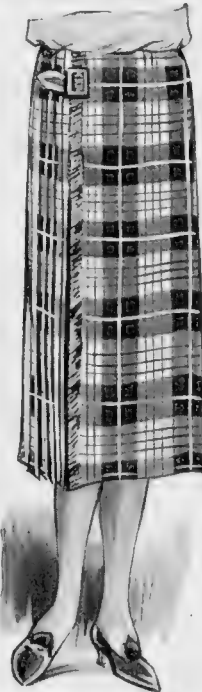
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FROM **£4:10**

When not exceeding 25" in length.

Jumpers in Bottle Green with colours on Collar

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# Blouse Week

## NOW PROCEEDING

It's Autumn again, so it's blouses again — there's nothing new in *that*. It's the blouses themselves that are different, and this year they've surpassed themselves — new yokes, new colours, new everything. You'll *have* to see for yourself.



B



# Walpoles

EXQUISITE LINENS • EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

87-91 NEW BOND STREET

175-176 SLOANE STREET • 108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET

(A.) Fashionable in design and distinguished in cut, this fascinating blouse is a wonder of cleverly-blended colours. Made in many shades and all sizes - - - - Price **59/6**

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(C.) Lovely soft shades of wool are used for this neat autumn blouse, which is tailored in our own workrooms. It is made in all colours and sizes - - - - Price **49/6**

(D.) Delightfully simple, yet refreshingly new, this soft woollen blouse is always becoming. Its neat round collar and scalloped edge add a subtle touch of sophistication. Made in many colours and all sizes - Price **49/6**

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A



D



C



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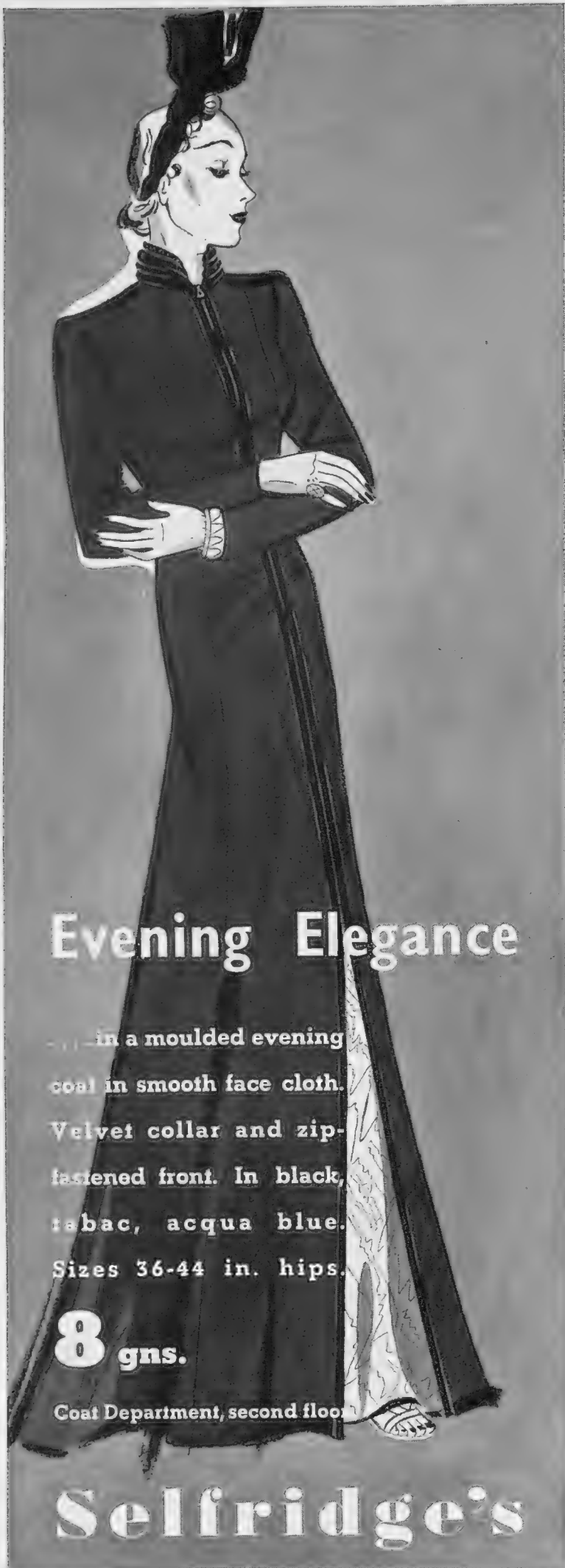


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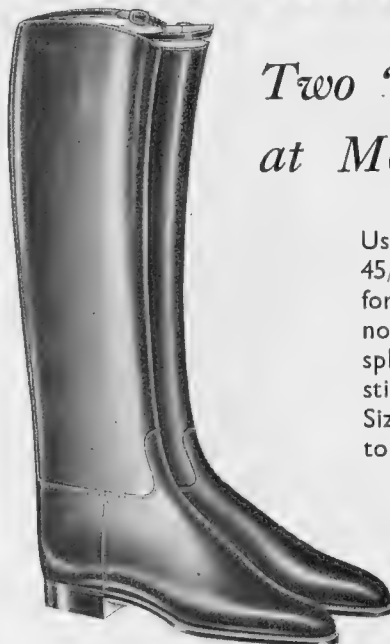
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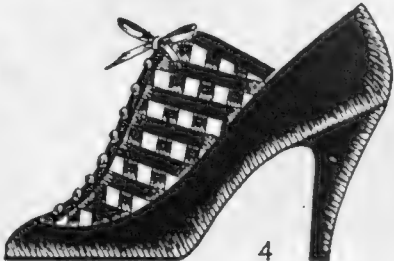
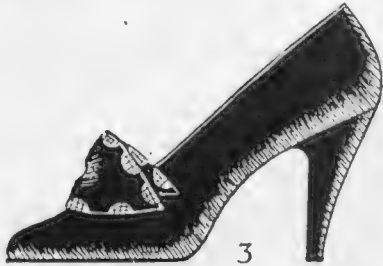
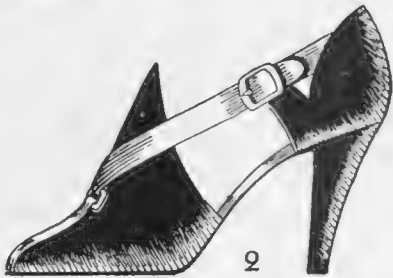


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235 GNS

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Originated—and Copyrighted thank you—by Wetherall for our uncertain climate Blissfully Warm Ethereally Light Cut with the sweep of inspired scissors from the most Benevolent Blue Blooded Lamalamb.  
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The same Pantie, in an original open weave Wool Lace, utterly new.

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With anything free and easy goes RONDA, a new "Softie." Slipper-soft, glove-fitting toe, bringing to *chic* undreamed-of comfort. In suede and matching calf, black or coffee 68/-



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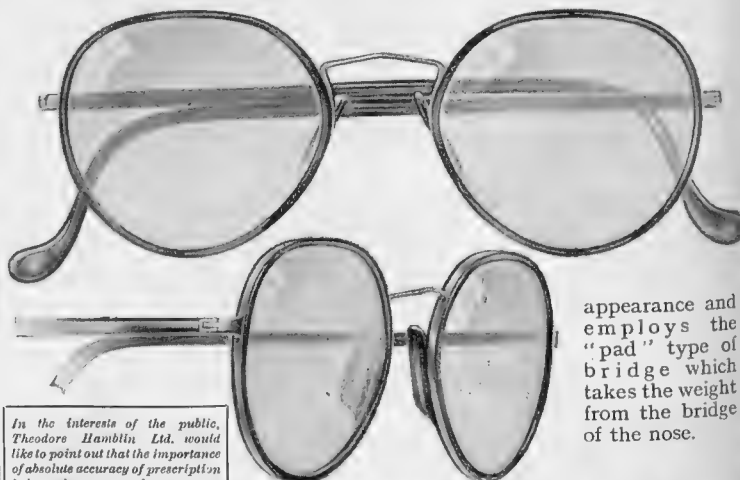
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The finest of supple skins were used for this  
elegant model in brown Indian lamb . . . £110  
In swagger style, from . . . £59:10:0

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PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
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# ORIGINAL AUTUMN FROCKS



**PRUDENCE** A useful Dress of Navy Faconne with Folds and Tabs of stiff White Piqué.

Size Hips 36, 38 **8 gns.**  
" " 40 10/6 extra.

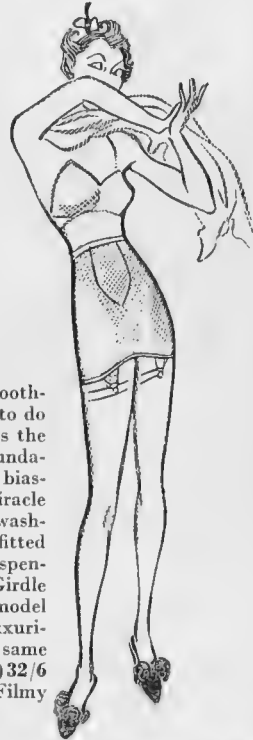
This model can be made in black, brown, wine, bottle green, etc.

**COULSON'S**  
Linen Specialists  
105, NEW BOND STREET  
LONDON, W.1

*She was a girl with a lovely mop  
Of golden hair and a perfect top,  
But she rather thought, (as it happened rightly)  
That her hip-line needed reducing slightly.  
So off she went like a dog at a hurdle  
And bought herself a Filmy Girdle;  
Which specialises in figure-subtraction  
And gives her all-round satisfaction.*



For that round-the-hips smoothness which helps a trim suit to do you justice, a Filmy Girdle is the very thing. Like all Filmy Foundations it is woven from a bias-stretch material which is a miracle of yielding firmness. It is washable, won't wrinkle, and is fitted with the most self-effacing suspenders you ever saw. The Girdle (Filmy Ten) is 12/9, longer model (Filmy Eleven) 15/9 or, luxuriously in de-luxe satin with the same bias stretch (Filmy Fourteen) 32/6 and the longer model (Filmy Fifteen) 37/6.



Two-in-one



The Filmy Pantie completes the trio. The bias-stretch material and the tummy panel give freedom and control. Pantie (Filmy Thirty) 15/9, with detachable crotch and suspenders (Filmy Thirty-One) 21/9.

Filmy models are peach-coloured, and you can wash them again and again.

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Underline the beauty of your evening dresses with a Filmy Corsette. Its smooth surface of bias-stretch material doesn't know how to wrinkle. Corsette (Filmy Twenty) 21/9, also in de-luxe satin (Filmy Twenty-Two) 45/-.

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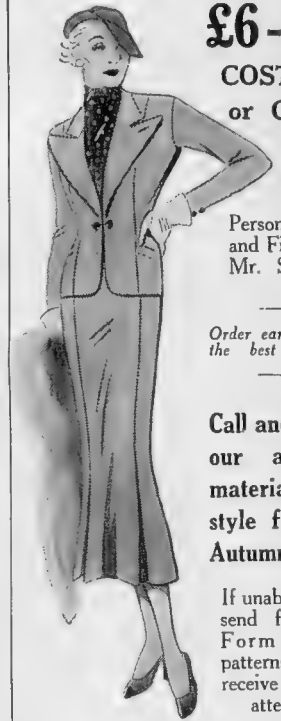
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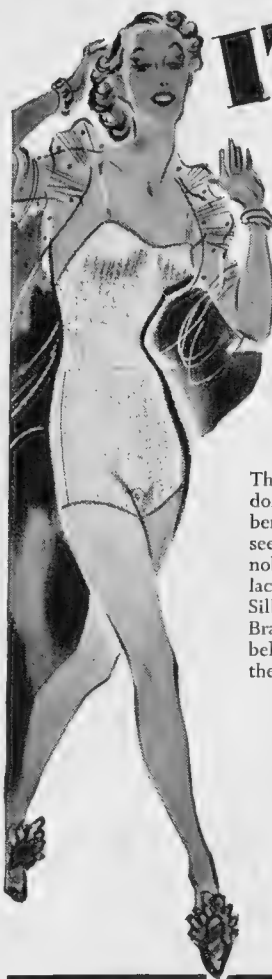
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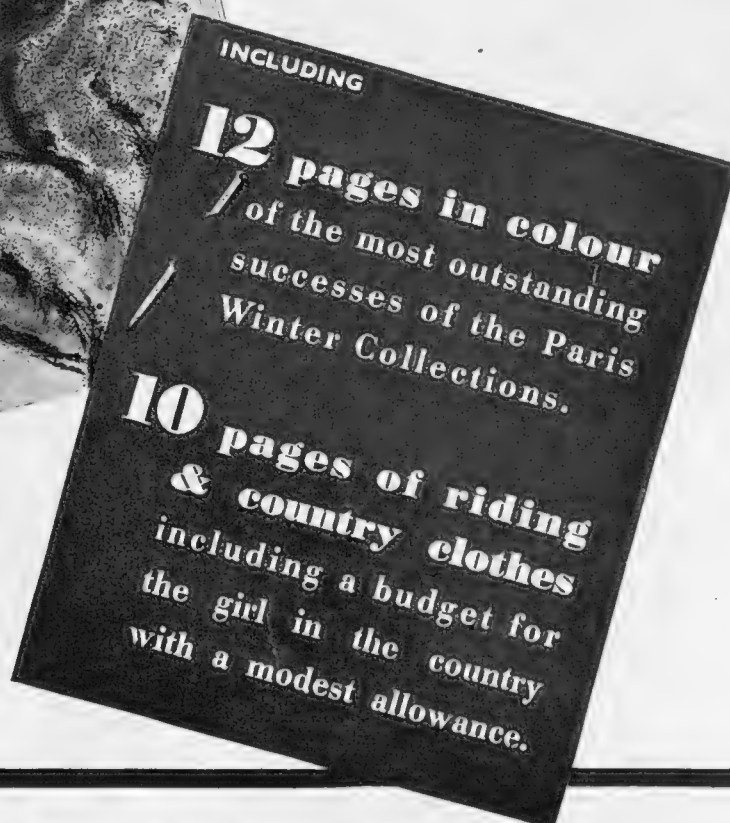
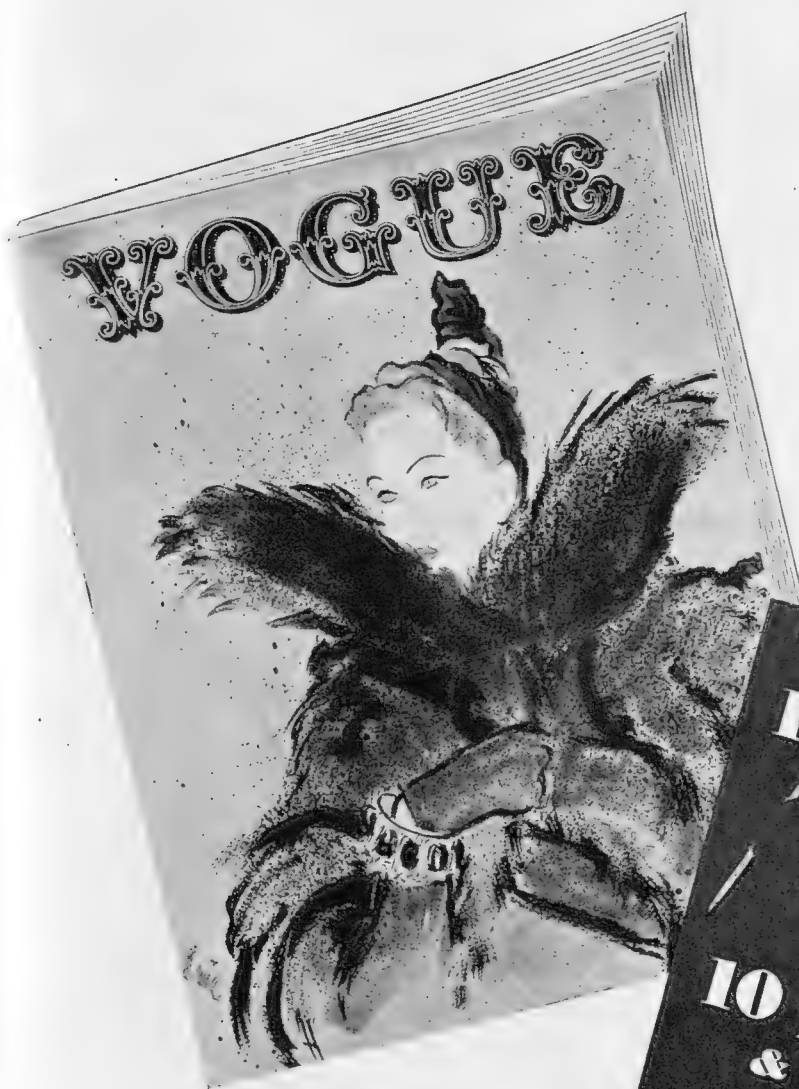


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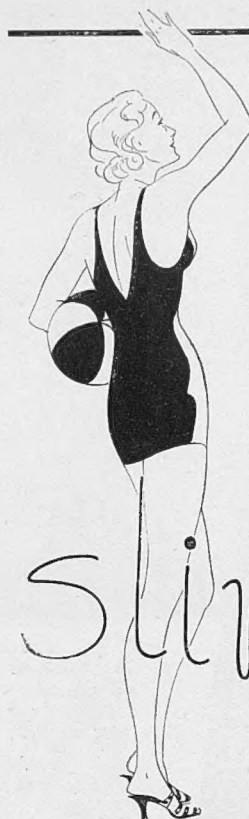
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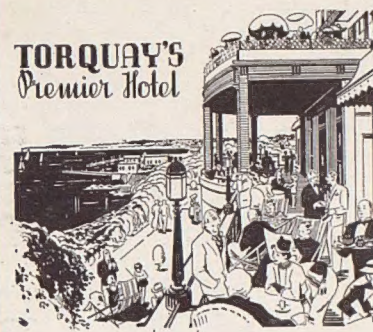
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